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William Shakespeare

The Tempest

Dr. David G. Pitt, *Introduction* / Lucy M. Fitzpatrick, *Notes*

Bontrager

AIRMONT SHAKESPEARE CLASSICS SERIES

The Tempest

By

William Shakespeare

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PREFACE

For the Airmont series of plays by William Shakespeare, we have chosen a text that we believe more nearly preserves the flavor of the old Shakespearean English than do those of more modernized versions.

In a popular-priced paperback edition, it is almost impossible to include a complete compilation of notes because of the limitations of the format. We suggest that the reader refer to the following excellent textbooks for additional material: The New Valiorum (Cambridge and Arden editions); the Globe edition edited by W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright (1866); the Oxford edition edited by W. J. Craig (1891); and the editions by G. L. Kittredge (1936). Also, the following books will be helpful to a better understanding of Shakespeare: Harley Granville-Barker, *Prefaces to Shakespeare, First Series* (London, 1933); Gerald Sanders, *A Shakespeare Primer* (New York and Toronto, 1945); J. Dover Wilson, *The Essential Shakespeare* (London, 1930; New York, 1932).

Dr. David G. Pitt received his B.A. degree from Mt. Allison University in New Brunswick, and his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees from the University of Toronto. Since 1949, he has been in the English Department of Memorial University of Newfoundland and Professor of English there since 1962. His publications include articles on literary and educational subjects, and editorial work on Shakespeare.

GENERAL INTRODUCTION

William Shakespeare: His Life, Times, and Theatre

HIS LIFE

The world's greatest poet and playwright, often called the greatest Englishman, was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, in the year 1564. The exact date of his birth is uncertain, but an entry in the *Stratford Parish Register* gives his baptismal date as April 26. Since children were usually baptized two or three days after birth, it is reasonable to assume that he was born on or about April 23—an appropriate day, being the feast of St. George, the patron saint of England.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover and dealer in wool and farm products, who had moved to Stratford from Snitterfield, four miles distant, some time before 1552. During his early years in Stratford his business prospered, enabling him to acquire substantial property, including several houses, and to take his place among the more considerable citizens of the town. In 1557 he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy landowner of Wilmcote, not far from Stratford. Two daughters were born to them before William's birth—Joan, baptized in 1558, and Margaret, baptized in 1562—but both died in infancy. William was thus their third child, though the eldest of those who survived infancy. After him were born Gilbert (1566), another Joan (1569), Anne (1571), Richard (1574), and Edmund (1580).

Very little is positively known (though much is conjectured) about Shakespeare's boyhood and education. We know that for some years after William's birth his father's rise in Stratford society and municipal affairs continued. Many local offices came to him in rapid succession: ale-taster, burgess (a kind of constable), assessor of fines, chamberlain (town treasurer), high bailiff (a kind of magistrate), alderman (town councilor), and chief alderman in 1571. As the son of a man of such eminence in Stratford, Shakespeare undoubtedly attended the local Grammar School. This he was entitled to do free of charge, his father being a town councilor. No records of the school are extant, so that we do not know how good a pupil he was, nor what subjects he studied. It is probable that he covered the usual Elizabethan curriculum: an "A B C book," the catechism in Latin and English, Latin grammar, the translation of Latin authors, and perhaps some Greek grammar and translation as well. But family circumstances appear to have curtailed his formal education before it was complete, for shortly before William reached his fourteenth birthday his father's rising fortunes abruptly passed their zenith.

Although we do not know all the facts, it is apparent that about the year 1578, having gone heavily into debt, John Shakespeare lost two large farms inherited by his wife from her father. Thereafter, he was involved in a series of lawsuits, and lost his post on the Stratford town council. Matters got steadily worse for him, until finally, in 1586, he was declared a bankrupt. But by this time the future poet-dramatist was already a family man himself.

In 1582, in the midst of his father's legal and financial crises—and perhaps because of them—Shakespeare married Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway (recently deceased) of the village of Shottery near Stratford. The *Episcopal Register* for the Diocese of Worcester contains their marriage record, dated November 28, 1582; he was then in his eighteenth year and his wife in her twenty-sixth. On May 26 of the following year the *Stratford Parish Register* recorded the baptism of their first child, Susanna; and on February 2, 1585, the baptism of a twin son and daughter named Hamnet and Judith.

These facts are all that are known of Shakespeare's early life. How he supported his family, whether he took up some trade or profession, how long he continued to live in Stratford, we do not know for certain. Tradition and conjecture have bestowed on him many interim occupations between his marriage and his appearance in London in the early fifteen-nineties: printer, dyer, traveling-player, butcher, soldier, apothecary, thief—it reads like a children's augury-rhyme (when buttons or cherry-stones are read to learn one's fate). Perhaps only the last-named "pursuit" requires some explanation. According to several accounts, one of them appearing in the first *Life* of Shakespeare by Nicholas Rowe (1709), Shakespeare fell into bad company some time after his marriage, and on several occasions stole deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, a substantial gentleman of Charlecote, near Stratford. According to Rowe:

> For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and in order

to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him . . . and was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

The story has been repeated in varying forms by most subsequent biographers, but its authenticity is doubted by many who repeat it.

Another much more attractive story, which, however, if true, does not necessarily deny the authenticity of Rowe's, is that Shakespeare during the so-called "lost years" was a schoolmaster. This, indeed, appears to be somewhat better substantiated. John Aubrey, seventeenth-century biographer and antiquary, in his *Brief Lives* (1681), declares that he had learned from a theatrical manager, whose father had known Shakespeare, that the dramatist "had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." This may, then, account, in part at least, for the years between his marriage and his arrival in London about the year 1591. It is interesting to note that in two of his early plays Shakespeare includes a schoolmaster among his characters: Holofernes of *Love's Labour's Lost* and Pinch of *The Comedy of Errors*. But let us hope that neither is intended to be Shakespeare's portrait of himself!

However he may have occupied himself in the interim, we know that by 1592 he was already a budding actor and playwright in London. In that year Robert Greene in his autobiographical pamphlet *A Groatsworth of Wit*, referring to the young actors and menders of old plays who were, it seemed to him, gaining undeserved glory from the labours of their

betters (both by acting their plays and by rewriting them), wrote as follows:

> Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a countrey.

"Shakescene" is clearly Shakespeare. The phrase "upstart Crow" probably refers to his country origins and his lack of university education. "Beautified with our feathers" probably means that he uses the older playwrights' words for his own aggrandisement either in plays in which he acts or in those he writes himself. "Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde" is a parody of a line in III *Henry VI*, one of the earliest plays ascribed to Shakespeare. And the Latin phrase *Johannes factotum*, meaning Jack-of-all-trades, suggests that he was at this time engaged in all sorts of theatrical jobs: actor, poet, playwright, and perhaps manager as well.

Greene died shortly after making this scurrilous attack on the young upstart from Stratford, and so escaped the resentment of those he had insulted. But Henry Chettle, himself a minor dramatist, who had prepared Greene's manuscript for the printer, in his *Kind-Harts Dreame* (1592), apologized to Shakespeare for his share in the offence:

> I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he excelent in the qualitie he pro-

fesses: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his Art.

Thus, in a very indirect manner and because of an attack upon him by an irascible dying man, we learn that Shakespeare at this time was in fact held in high regard by "divers of worship," that is, by many of high birth, as an upright, honest young man of pleasant manners and manifest skill as actor, poet, and playwright.

Although Shakespeare by 1593 had written, or written parts of, some five or six plays (I, II, and III *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and perhaps *Titus Andronicus*), it was as a non-dramatic poet that he first appeared in print. *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, long narrative poems, both bearing Shakespeare's name, were published in 1593 and 1594 respectively. But thereafter for the next twenty years he wrote almost nothing but drama. In his early period, 1591 to 1596, in addition to the plays named above, he wrote *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Richard II*, and *King John*. Then followed his great middle period, 1596 to 1600, during which he wrote both comedies and history-plays: *The Merchant of Venice*, I and II *Henry IV*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Henry V*, *Julius Caesar*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. The period of his great tragedies and the so-called "dark comedies" followed (1600-1608): *Hamlet*, *Troilus*

and Cressida, All's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Timon of Athens, and *Coriolanus.* The last phase of his career as dramatist, 1608 to 1613, sometimes called "the period of the romances," produced *Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest,* parts of *Henry VIII,* and perhaps parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* Many other plays were ascribed to him, but it is doubtful that he had a hand in any but those we have named. Long before his death in 1616 his name held such magic for the public that merely to print it on the title page of any play assured its popular acclaim. The "upstart Crow" had come a long way since 1592.

He had come a long way, too, from the economic straits that may well have driven him to London many years before. We know, for example, from the records of tax assessments that by 1596 Shakespeare was already fairly well-to-do. This is further borne out by his purchasing in the following year a substantial house known as New Place and an acre of land in Stratford for £60, a sizable sum in those days. In 1602 he made a further purchase of 107 acres at Stratford for £320, and a cottage and more land behind his estate at New Place. But his life during this time was not quite unclouded. His only son, Hamnet, died in 1596 at the age of eleven years, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. All three were buried in Stratford. More happily he saw, in 1607, the marriage of his daughter Susanna to Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford, and, in the following year, the baptism of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford appears to have been gradual, but by 1613, if not earlier, he seems to have settled there, though he still went up to London occasionally. Of the last months of his life we know little. We do know that in February, 1616, his second daughter, Judith, married Thomas Quiney. We know that on March 25, apparently already ill, Shakespeare revised and signed his will, among other bequests leaving to his wife his "second best bed with the furniture." A month later he was dead, dying on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, on April 26.

HIS TIMES

Shakespeare lived during the English Renaissance, that age of transition that links the Mediaeval and the Modern world. Inheriting the rich traditions of the Middle Ages in art, learning, religion, and politics, rediscovering the great legacies of classical culture, the men of the Renaissance went on to new and magnificent achievements in every phase of human endeavour. No other period in history saw such varied and prolific development and expansion. And the reign of Elizabeth I (1558-1603), Shakespeare's age, was the High Renaissance in England.

Development and expansion—these are the watchwords of the age, and they apply to every aspect of life, thought, and activity. The universe grew in immensity as men gradually abandoned the old Ptolemaic view of a finite, earth-centered universe, accepting the enormous intellectual challenge of the illimitable cosmos of Copernicus' theory and Gal-

ileo's telescope. The earth enlarged, too, as more of its surface was discovered and charted by explorers following the lead of Columbus, Cabot, Magellan, and Vespucci. England itself expanded as explorers and colonizers, such as Frobisher, Davis, Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, Drake, and others, carried the English flag into many distant lands and seas; as English trade and commerce expanded with the opening of new markets and new sources of supply; as English sea power grew to protect the trading routes and fend off rivals, particularly Spain, the defeat of whose Invincible Armada in 1588 greatly advanced English national pride at home, and power and prestige abroad.

The world of ideas changed and expanded, too. The rediscovery and reinterpretation of the classics, with their broad and humane view of life, gave a new direction and impetus to secular education. During the Middle Ages theology had dominated education, but now the language, literature, and philosophy of the ancient world, the practical arts of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and training in morals, manners, and gymnastics assumed the major roles in both school and university—in other words, an education that fitted one for life in the world here and now replaced one that looked rather to the life hereafter. Not that the spiritual culture of man was neglected. Indeed, it took on a new significance, for as life in this world acquired new meaning and value, religion assumed new functions, and new vitality to perform them, as the bond between the Creator and a new kind of creation.

It was, of course, the old creation—man and

nature—but it was undergoing great changes. Some of these we have already seen, but the greatest was in man's conception of himself and his place in nature. The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world, which was also "fallen," as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man, nature, and the things of this life. Without denying man's need for Grace and the value of the means of salvation provided by the Church, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now, and that God had given them for man to enjoy. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

> What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

And this is the conception of man that permeates Elizabethan thought and literature. It does not mean that man is incorruptible, immune to moral weakness and folly. Shakespeare has his villains, cowards, and fools. But man is none of these by nature; they are distortions of the true form of man. Nature framed him for greatness, endowed him with vast

capacities for knowledge, achievement, and delight, and with aspirations that may take him to the stars. "O brave new world, That has such people in 't!"

The chief object of man's aspiring mind is now the natural world, whose "wondrous architecture," says Marlowe's Tamburlaine, our souls strive ceaselessly to comprehend, "Still climbing after knowledge infinite." Hamlet, too, speaks of "this goodly frame, the earth . . . this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire." No longer the ruins of a fallen paradise and the devil's, nature is seen as man's to possess, her beauty and wonder to be sought after and enjoyed, her energies to be controlled and used—as Bacon expressed it, "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. New vistas were breaking upon the human mind and imagination everywhere. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge, and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

HIS THEATRE

There were many theatres, or playhouses, in Shakespeare's London. The first was built in 1576 by James Burbage and was called the *Theatre*. It was built like an arena, with a movable platform at one end, and had no seats in the pit, but had benches in the galleries that surrounded it. It was built of wood, and cost about £200. Other famous playhouses of Shakespeare's time, for the most part similarly constructed, included the Curtain, the Bull, the Rose, the Swan,

the Fortune, and, most famous of them all, the Globe. It was built in 1599 by the sons of James Burbage, and it was here that most of Shakespeare's plays were performed. Since more is known about the Globe than most of the others, I shall use it as the basis of the brief account that follows of the Elizabethan playhouse.

As its name suggests, the Globe was a circular structure (the second Globe, built in 1614 after the first burned down, was octagonal), and was open to the sky, somewhat like a modern football or baseball stadium, though much smaller. It had three tiers of galleries surrounding the central "yard" or pit, and a narrow roof over the top gallery. But most interesting from our viewpoint was the stage—or rather *stages*—which was very different from that of most modern theatres. These have the familiar "picture-frame" stage: a raised platform at one end of the auditorium, framed by curtains and footlights, and viewed only from the front like a picture. Shakespeare's stage was very different.

The main stage, or *apron* as it was called, jutted well out into the pit, and did not extend all the way across from side to side. There was an area on either side for patrons to sit or stand in, so that actors performing on the apron could be viewed from three sides instead of one. In addition, there was an inner stage, a narrow rectangular recess let into the wall behind the main stage. When not in use it could be closed by a curtain drawn across in front; when open it could be used for interior scenes, arbor scenes, tomb and anteroom scenes and the like. On either

side of this inner stage were doors through which the main stage was entered. Besides the inner and outer stages there were no fewer than four other areas where the action of the play, or parts of it, might be performed. Immediately above the inner stage, and corresponding to it in size and shape, was another room with its front exposed. This was the upper stage, and was used for upstairs scenes, or for storage when not otherwise in use. In front of this was a narrow railed gallery, which could be used for balcony scenes, or ones requiring the walls of a castle or the ramparts of a fortress. On either side of it and on the same level was a window-stage, so-called because it consisted of a small balcony enclosed by windows that opened on hinges. This permitted actors to stand inside and speak from the open windows to others on the main stage below. In all, it was a very versatile multiple stage and gave the dramatist and producer much more freedom in staging than most modern theatres afford. It is interesting to note that some of the new theatres today have revived certain of the features of the Elizabethan stage.

Very little in the way of scenery and backdrops was used. The dramatist's words and the imagination of the audience supplied the lack of scenery. No special lighting effects were possible since plays were performed in the daylight that streamed in through the unroofed top of the three-tiered enclosure that was the playhouse. Usually a few standard stage props were on hand: trestles and boards to form a table, benches and chairs, flagons, an altar, artificial trees, weapons, a man's severed head, and a few other items.

Costumes were usually elaborate and gorgeous, though no attempt was made to reproduce the dress of the time and place portrayed in the play.

Play production in Shakespeare's time was clearly very different from that of ours, but we need have no doubts about the audience's response to what they saw and heard on stage. They came, they saw, and the dramatist conquered, for they kept coming back for more and more. And despite the opposition that the theatre encountered from Puritans and others, who thought it the instrument of Satan, the theatre in Shakespeare's time flourished as one of the supreme glories of a glorious age.

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INTRODUCTION TO
The Tempest

LATE BUT NEW

The Tempest stands late in the chronology of Shakespeare's plays—probably the last he wrote in its entirety; yet it is in many ways very different from any of his others, in effect, a new kind of play, though unquestionably his.

It belongs to what is called "the period of the last plays," or "the period of the romances." These were plays written between 1608 and 1611, after the great tragedies and the "dark" comedies, and just before his return to Stratford and retirement from the theatre. They include *Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale,* and *The Tempest.* These plays have much in common with one another, though their differences are striking, too. Some critics have attempted to find in them a common theme, to reduce them to common denominators of form and style, and to classify them under a single dramatic type, such as "romance" or "tragi-comedy." But such attempts have not been entirely successful, for while these plays do have much in common, they still represent too wide a variety of theatrical elements and effects to be usefully grouped very closely together.

Pericles, Cymbeline, and *The Winter's Tale* may certainly be described as tragi-comedies. In all three, tragic potentialities are present and sometimes menacing; catastrophe often seems likely, though, after

suffering if not tears, denouements are happy and cloudless. The prevailing spirit, too, is often closer to that of tragedy than of comedy, and evil plays a large and significant part. In them, too, are similar themes: estrangement and reconciliation, sin and forgiveness, repentance and salvation. And all conform more or less to the prevailing conventions of contemporary drama. But *The Tempest* stands apart from them, different in form, spirit, and appeal. Only in its themes of sin and forgiveness, repentance and salvation, and in the quality of its poetry does *The Tempest* have anything of significance in common with the other three plays. Evil is present here, to be sure; there are men here who have done evil, and men who plot further deeds of evil. But never for a moment is there the least likelihood that their stratagems will succeed or that evil will not be overcome by good. From the moment that we meet the great mage, Prospero, we know that we are in a world where evil is powerless, and even the laws of nature and chance are benign, that nothing is here for tears. This is a world of enchantment where dreams come true, shaped of "such stuff as dreams are made on." It is very remote from both the world we live in and the world of the other "last plays."

Only once before did Shakespeare write anything even vaguely resembling it, and that was *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Though very unlike in much, these two plays have some interesting resemblances. Both plays, for example, make much use of magic and the supernatural; both make important use of dramatic effects created by the juxtaposition of the beautiful and the grotesque, the courtly and the uncouth,

the aery and the earthy; both contain matter that is probably allegorical. Besides all this, both plays contain spectacular performances embedded within the action but having little or no bearing upon it; and both plays appear to have been first performed, if not expressly written, as the chief entertainment on the occasion of a court betrothal or wedding. In effect, both *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* have obvious characteristics of the dramatic form known as the *masque*.

The masque (also sometimes spelled *mask*) was a highly artificial and stylized kind of drama that flourished in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Strictly speaking it was not a drama at all, since it had no plot, indeed very little story element, and thus none of the usual dramatic effects of *complication*, *crisis*, and *denouement*. The characters in the masque were also remote from those of the drama proper, since little or no attempt was made to endow them with distinct personalities or to give them lives of their own. In general the characteristic ingredients of the masque were elaborate spectacle—painted scenery, colorful costumes, facial masks, dances, pageants, and pantomimes—an allegorical theme presented in long and formalized rhetorical speeches that occasionally achieved the heights of poetry, and complimentary addresses (or dramatized compliment) directed to some royal or noble personage for whose entertainment it was primarily written.

Now *The Tempest* is clearly not a masque in the full sense of the term, but it does have certain of its characteristics. And these are worth noting, because not only do they give the play much of its unique

character, but they also suggest perhaps what Shakespeare was about in this his last and, to many critics, his most puzzling play.

Unlike the masque proper, *The Tempest* does have a plot or story, though not a very complex or elaborate one, and a large and important part of it has already taken place before the play begins and is narrated in a long speech by Prospero near the opening of the play. But like the masque, the play has for us (once we know Prospero's power and plans) few or none of the dramatic effects created by complications, crises, and resolutions that depend upon human wills and actions. Here all conclusions are foregone, and our enjoyment and interest are centered in the moment for what it is and not for what it may bring forth. We are given a series of delightful dramatic performances, each with its own center of interest, its own unity and completeness, as though the dramatist were *not* striving to achieve the tensions, suspense, and other cumulative effects of the usual kind of plot that thickens, boils up, overflows, and subsides into a state of equilibrium once more. There is throughout this play a kind of equilibrium of mood and tempo, even of action, that is generally absent from the typical plotted play. There is little real conflict of any kind, few peaks or troughs of passion, and little in the way of dramatic irony—the usual means by which imaginative and emotional coalescence of parts is achieved. Hence the total effect is closer to that of the masque, in which our interest in the part seems to be more compelling than our interest in the whole. And there is, of course, one scene that is pure masque: the Masque of Ceres in Act IV.

The characters of *The Tempest* are, to be sure, not the visored performers of the masque, each with his identity stamped upon his face, but they are more static, closer to being personifications of one or more readily discernible qualities—"flat" in E. M. Forster's sense—than most Shakespearean characters. Prospero, from first to last, is wisdom, justice, dignity, and god-like omnipotence and charity; Miranda is innocence, modesty, and affection; Ferdinand is duty, courage, and gallantry; Gonzalo honesty, generosity, and loyalty; Stephano and Trinculo a twin compounded of sensuality, indulgence, and a kind of depraved jocosity; Antonio and Sebastian, likewise, are brothers in depravity, held in check by a higher power, but largely irredeemable; Alonso is a man of sin, but capable of remorse and redemption. In Alonso only is there any real change, and this is influenced by a power that he cannot resist. The others remain substantially constant to the impression they make of themselves when first we meet them. Only Ariel and Caliban (both of whom belong to orders of being different from that of man) exhibit from time to time new and unsuspected facets of their natures, such as Ariel's sympathy for those he has bound under spell at Prospero's command (V,i), and Caliban's sensitivity to the "sounds and sweet airs," and the "thousand twangling instruments" of the enchanted island (III,ii).

Other masque-like characteristics that we find in *The Tempest* need only be mentioned. There is the emphasis on spectacle: clearly, the play was written to make use of painted scenery, costumes, stage machinery, and other visual props. Music, too, is an essential accompaniment, and the means to produce

the sounds of tempest and thunderstorm. More than in most plays by Shakespeare theatrical apparatus is demanded for adequate performance. (Perhaps this is why some critics regard *The Tempest* as a better play to read than to see, because the imagination can do with greater finesse and credibility what at best can only be clumsily done with stage devices and machinery.) Masque-like, too, are the various supernatural beings who appear and vanish from time to time, the palpable visions, and the symbolical-allegorical devices. In the beauty and magnificence of its poetry, however, *The Tempest* far surpasses any contemporary masque. However unusual its form may be, compared with that of Shakespeare's other plays, *The Tempest* must rank with his most poetical. And its prose, too, lacks none of the vigor and color of his best.

The fact remains, however, that the total impression left by the play as a whole is different from that left by most of the other plays, Its effects are, perhaps, closer to those of a "performance" or "entertainment" like ballet, opera, cr pantomime, than to those of the usual kind of play with its classic shape, firm central action, and evolving characters. Hazlitt was undoubtedly right when he called *The Tempest* Shakespeare's most original play. It is hard to believe that its originality of form, spirit, and appeal is not part of its meaning and purpose.

THE "MEANING" OF THE TEMPEST

It must be apparent from what has been said about the form and nature of this play that Shakespeare had set out to do something different from anything he

had done before, even in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, which, as we have noted, bears some resemblances to it. And the fact of this difference must be a consideration in any attempt made to "interpret" *The Tempest* or determine its "purpose." Already, I think, we have seen its primary appeal to the relaxed imagination and emotions, to our desire to be entertained in the best sense of that term. Nor can we ignore Prospero's parting observation that his "project" was "to please," though this does not, of course, necessarily preclude a more abstruse intent as well.

Many attempts have been made to expound the "meaning" of *The Tempest*, to discover its hidden allegorical significance, to reveal Shakespeare's "intention" in writing it. A view that was long a favorite one is that the play is actually his farewell to the theatre. According to this interpretation, Prospero, the magician who can control the elements of the world he lives and moves in, as well as the creatures who inhabit it, is really Shakespeare himself giving his last performance, and at the end abandoning the magic arts by which he had ruled for so long the enchanted world of the theatre. Thus it is really Shakespeare himself who says,

> I'll break my staff,
> Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
> And deeper than did ever plummet sound
> I'll drown my book.

It is, accordingly, Shakespeare who in the Epilogue steps out of the world of the stage and into the real world of men to say:

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—
Which is most faint . . .
Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands.

The dukedom he wishes to return to, it is said, is not Milan but Stratford, but this he cannot do unless his audience with their applause release him from his bondage to the theatre, where his whole "project" has been "to please" during twenty years of casting magic spells. He cannot go unless he knows that he has accomplished his task. Only the indulgence of his public can set him free. It is an attractive view of what *The Tempest* is about.

In recent years, however, there has been a tendency among critics to reject this view of the play entirely, or to regard it as, at most, a secondary intention, and to look for other more profound and intellectual meanings. As we have already suggested, *The Tempest* is certainly about estrangement and reconciliation, sin and forgiveness, repentance and salvation. It shows how, in the fullness of time, a power like divine Providence may work upon the wills and souls of sinful men to bring about their regeneration. It may show, too, that truest justice is not vindictive and punitive, but merciful and forgiving, and that repentance is always necessary for salvation. In such a view, Ariel's

address to Alonso and his co-sinners in Act III, Scene iii, is the intellectual core of the play:

> You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
> That hath to instrument this lower world
> And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
> Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
> Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
> Being most unfit to live.

Perhaps, too, in the play may be found ideas on the natural sensitivity of the natural savage (Caliban instinctively responds to "sweet sounds"), on the dubious influences of civilization and culture on uncivilized peoples (Caliban is largely unaffected by Prospero's culture), on the natural innocence and magnanimity of those unspoiled by the ways of a corrupt society (Miranda believes all men, even sinners, to be admirable creatures), and on the mortality of man and his works as they fall under the hand of Time, in whose remorseless power

> The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind.

Other suggestions, too, of "inner meanings" may be made, but I shall not further catalogue them here. But none of these, it seems to me, invalidates the view that Shakespeare is deliberately, probably for

the first time in his career, involving himself in the dramatic action and import of a play. Whatever may be its underlying meanings, *The Tempest* is certainly a kind of summary and survey of Shakespeare's many and varied exhibitions of his magic art of the theatre. Its characters seem to represent almost all his past creations. In Miranda we have summed up the best in all his innocent, fair, and lovable heroines from Juliet to Perdita; in Ferdinand the best in all his noble-minded, handsome, and admirable hero-lovers from Romeo to Florizel. In making them a quintessence of the best he has undoubtedly made them a little less human than their forebears, but this was perhaps inescapable in the circumstances. We have here, too—planned though not executed—the conspiracies, plots, intrigues, and murders that characterized so many of the other plays; his tragic heroes (in the making but never realized); his animal-like villains (stopped short of villainy); his pucks and fairies, his romance and his realism. In *The Tempest,* however, all is subject to an infallible order and control from above. Thus, nothing evil or tragic really happens. Conspiracies are hatched and murders are planned, but they never materialize. Even the sinning man who might have been enveloped in a web of retribution is saved from the tragic consequences of his sin and error. In the other plays, nature and the ways of the world run their courses, but in *The Tempest* a higher power has intervened in the name of imagination, submitting, in Bacon's words, "the shows of the world to the desires of the mind." It is as if the poet-magician were saying, "Until now I have been faithful to the nature of things as they are. I have allowed the laws of nature and

man, of chance and circumstance, to do their worst—or their best—as they would. I have not permitted my personal whims to interfere with the working out of human destinies. But now, at the end, I shall do all those things that I have restrained my magic from doing in the past. I shall raise a tempest in which no one dies; I shall plot murders that will never be executed; I shall depict love that knows no pain; I shall laugh at villainy, ambition, and folly; I shall reconcile differences; I shall have enemies forgive one another; I shall let my magic work as freely and capriciously as I choose—and then I shall have done with it forever."

The Tempest then is an example of Bacon's feigned history, which is poetry, in its quintessential form. It illustrates in its purest, most idealized form what Bacon meant when he wrote that the use of poesy

> . . . hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. (*The Advancement of Learning*)

To my mind, *The Tempest* needs no further excuse for being what it is.

—David G. Pitt,
Professor of English,
Memorial University of Newfoundland

STUDY QUESTIONS

ACT I

1. Unlike the opening scene in most plays, Scene i of *The Tempest* contains no exposition, that is, no explanation of what the play is to be about, no background information, no real introduction of main characters. Why do you think Shakespeare began the play in this manner? Do you consider it a good opening scene? Why? What risks did he run in beginning in this way? Do you think he avoided them? Explain.
2. How is the beginning of Scene ii linked with the preceding one? What do we learn in this scene of preceding events in the story of Prospero's life? How is this information presented? Is it effectively done as drama? Discuss briefly.
3. What are your first impressions of Prospero? Of Miranda?
4. What is the dramatic point of Miranda's falling asleep before the entrance of Ariel?
5. What do we learn in Scene ii about Ariel? About Caliban? In what ways are they contrasted with each other?
6. How does Shakespeare use poetic imagery in the mouths of Prospero, Miranda, Ariel, and Caliban to suggest something of their inner natures? (Treat each separately.)
7. Discuss the dramatic significance of Ariel's songs in Scene ii.

8. Scene ii falls into a number of fairly well-marked divisions. Indicate these, and give each a suggestive title.
9. "Miranda's and Ferdinand's falling in love is as sudden as it is complete, yet it is wholly believable." Discuss.
10. Has the theme of sin and forgiveness begun to appear before the end of this act? Discuss fully with illustrations.

ACT II

1. What do we learn of the character of each of Gonzalo, Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian in Scene i? How is this knowledge of them revealed? Are there any specific points of contrast among them? If so, how are these brought out?
2. The first two-thirds or so of Scene i is intended primarily to be amusing. What are the chief sources of amusement? How amusing do you find the scene? Discuss briefly.
3. In what way does the first part of Scene i prepare us for the murder plot of the second part?
4. Discuss Ariel's role in Scene i. Is it dramatically effective? Explain.
5. Scene ii is entirely a comic scene. What are the chief sources of its comedy? Discuss the effectiveness of the comedy.
6. What further light does Scene ii shed on the nature of Caliban?
7. Write brief sketches of Trinculo and Stephano. Why does Shakespeare give them only prose to

speak? In what ways are their speeches dramatically effective?

8. In what ways is Caliban contrasted with the "civilized" beings he has just met? What may be Shakespeare's purpose in contrasting them thus?

ACT III

1. Scene i has been called "the most charming scene in the play." Wherein does its charm lie? (Consider the poetry as well as the sentiment and the action.)
2. In what ways has the character of Miranda developed since we first met her in Act I?
3. In what ways does the second murder plot parody the first?
4. What significance do you think attaches to the growing intensity of Caliban's hatred for Prospero in Scene ii?
5. What is the dramatic purpose of the "banquet" episode in Scene iii?
6. Ariel's speech beginning, "You are three men of sin," has been called the crucial turning point or crisis of the play. Do you agree? Discuss.
7. How does the latter part of Scene iii (from Ariel's "men of sin" speech to the end) prepare for what is to follow?
8. Summarize the contribution of Act III to the development of each of the three main threads of the action. (Indicate first what the three main threads are.)

ACT IV

1. Act IV consists of a single long scene that falls into several distinct parts. Indicate these, and state briefly the contribution, if any, that each makes to the development of the action.
2. What new facets of Prospero's character appear in his dealing with Ferdinand in the first part of this act?
3. What light is shed by Prospero's handling of the betrothal, on the Elizabethan conception of the father's role in family affairs?
4. Discuss the "Masque of Ceres" that forms part of this act: (a) as theatrical fare generally; (b) as appropriate accompaniment for a betrothal.
5. Prospero's speech beginning, "You look, my son, in a moved sort," is one of the most celebrated in the whole of Shakespeare. Why do you think that this is so? Discuss fully.
6. Describe the device that Prospero and Ariel use to confound Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano. Why do you think they choose this particular device? What are the differing responses of the three to the "glistering apparel"?

ACT V

1. Prospero begins this act with the words, "Now does my project gather to a head." What exactly does he mean by his project? How has he already prepared for its culmination?

2. Another celebrated speech by Prospero is the one beginning, "Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves." Discuss (a) its dramatic effects; (b) its purely poetical qualities. Show how it appropriately introduces the part of the scene that immediately follows it.
3. Describe the reaction of each of Gonzalo, Alonso, Antonio, and Sebastian to Prospero's scheme of reconciliation.
4. Trace exactly how the "loose threads" of the plot are tied together in the last phases of the act.
5. What do you think is the purpose of Prospero's Epilogue? State briefly its meaning.
6. Taking the act as a whole, why do you think it is generally regarded as providing a highly successful and satisfying denouement for the play?

GENERAL QUESTIONS

1. Do you think that Shakespeare's extensive use of magic in *The Tempest* adds to or detracts from its interest and effect? Discuss fully.
2. Examine the poetry spoken by each of Prospero, Miranda, Ferdinand, and Caliban. In each case, what are both the general poetical qualities and the poetical qualities peculiar to each speaker? How is the poetry of each suited to the speaker?
3. Discuss *The Tempest* as popular entertainment, paying particular attention to the methods used to arouse and maintain the interest of the audience.
4. Write an essay on Caliban in which you include discussion of the following topics: his physical

appearance, both his human and non-human qualities; his contribution to the comedy of the play and, if any, to its pathos; what you think may have been Shakespeare's purpose for including him in the cast.

5. "Ariel is a supernatural creature, but at times he manifests some very human qualities." Show that this is true, giving illustrations.
6. "The love story of Ferdinand and Miranda is one of the most charming in the whole of Shakespeare." Discuss.
7. From your knowledge of the Elizabethan theatre, describe how you think one or more of the following scenes might have been staged: Act I, Scene i; the "Banquet'" scene in Act III, Scene iii, the "Masque of Ceres" in Act IV.
8. Discuss the view, outlined in the Introduction, that this play is intended by Shakespeare as his farewell to the theatre.
9. Write your impressions, based on a reading of the whole play, of Prospero, Gonzalo, and Alonso.
10. Imagine Miranda's return to Milan. Write an imaginary account of her impressions on first arriving there.
11. Write an essay on one or more of the following in *The Tempest:*
    (a) Varieties of humor
    (b) The use of special visual effects
    (c) The use of song and music
    (d) The theme of sin and forgiveness
    (e) The theme of love *versus* hatred
    (f) Contrasts and irony

(g) Figurative language
(h) Atmosphere and mood

12. Identify each of the following passages by speaker and occasion; state briefly its bearing, if any, on the dramatic action; comment on its poetry; and indicate what light it may throw on the character of the speaker:

(a) Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes, there she's hid;
The mariners all under hatches stow'd . . .

(b) Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it . . .

(c) Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me;
I shaked you, sir, and cried; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn . . .

(d) No, precious creature;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

(e) . . . I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of.

(f) . . . I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that's in my plume . . .

(g) Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper . . .

(h) Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again . . .

(i) We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

THE TEMPEST

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*
SEBASTIAN, *his brother.*
PROSPERO, *the right Duke of Milan.*
ANTONIO, *his brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*
FERDINAND, *son to the King of Naples.*
GONZALO, *an honest old counsellor.*
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, } *lords.*
CALIBAN, *a savage and deformed slave.*
TRINCULO, *a jester.*
STEPHANO, *a drunken butler.*
MASTER OF A SHIP, BOATSWAIN, *and* MARINERS.
MIRANDA, *daughter to Prospero.*
ARIEL, *an airy spirit.*
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, NYMPHS, REAPERS, } *presented by spirits.*

OTHER SPIRITS ATTENDING ON PROSPERO.

SCENE—*A ship at sea; afterwards an island.*

The Tempest

ACT 1

ACT I

THE PLAY opens on board a ship at sea in a violent storm. Its passengers include Alonso, King of Naples; Sebastian, his brother; Antonio, Duke of Milan; Ferdinand, Alonso's son; Gonzalo, and old Counsellor of Milan; Trinculo, the King's jester; Stephano, his butler; and other lords. Severely battered by the storm, the ship begins to sink. The scene changes to an island where in front of the cave where they live we find Prospero and his daughter Miranda. From their conversation we learn that the storm has been raised by Prospero's magic arts, and that he is in fact the rightful Duke of Milan. Some twelve years before, he was deposed by his brother Antonio and set adrift in a boat with only a few necessities, provided by his old friend Gonzalo, his books of magic, and his three-year-old daughter, Miranda. They reached this island, and have lived here ever since, having as their only companions Ariel, an airy spirit released by Prospero from the spell cast on him by the witch Sycorax, and the witch's son, Caliban, a subhuman creature whom Prospero has made his slave. With Ariel's help, Prospero has raised the storm and driven the ship ashore, because he knows that on board are his old friends and enemies from Naples and Milan. None has been harmed, however, but they have been brought ashore at various points on the island. Attracted by the song of Ariel, whom he hears but cannot see, Prince Ferdinand follows the sound to the place where Prospero and Miranda are. He immediately falls in love with Miranda, and she is strongly attracted to him, the first young man she has ever seen. But Prospero pretends not to favor the match, and sets Ferdinand certain tasks to perform.

ACT I. Scene I.

A ship at sea: a tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard.

Enter a SHIP-MASTER *and a* BOATSWAIN.

SHIP-MASTER.

Boatswain!

BOATSWAIN.

Here, master: what cheer?

SHIP-MASTER.

Good, speak to the mariners: fall to't yarely,[1] or we run ourselves a-ground: bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

Enter MARINERS.

BOATSWAIN.

Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail! Tend to the master's whistle! [*Exeunt* MARINERS.]—Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, *and others.*

ALONSO.

Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.[2]

BOATSWAIN.

I pray now, keep below.

ANTONIO.

Where is the master, boatswain?

---

[1] yare, yarely: promptly, readily.
[2] Play the men: summon the men.

BOATSWAIN.

Do you not hear him? You mar our labour: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

GONZALO.

Nay, good, be patient.

BOATSWAIN.

When the sea is. Hence! What cares these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GONZALO.

Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATSWAIN.

None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.[1]—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*

GONZALO.

I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATSWAIN.

Down with the topmast! yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try with main-course! [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather or our office.[2]

---

[1] hap: happen.

[2] office: the din or noise of commands.

Enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, *and* GONZALO.

Yet again! what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEBASTIAN.

A pox[1] o'your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATSWAIN.

Work you, then.

ANTONIO.

Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

GONZALO.

I'll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

BOATSWAIN.

Lay her a-hold,[2] a-hold! set her two courses off to sea again: lay her off!

Enter MARINERS *wet.*

MARINERS.

All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

BOATSWAIN.

What, must our mouths be cold?

GONZALO.

The king and prince at prayers! let's assist them,
For our case is as theirs.

SEBASTIAN.

I'm out of patience.

ANTONIO.

We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards:
This wide-chopt rascal,[3]—would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

---

[1] **pox:** an imprecation expressing vexation.
[2] **Lay her a-hold:** a nautical order of maneuver; to bring her close to the wind.
[3] **wide-chopt rascal:** a big-mouthed fellow.

GONZALO.

He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut him.

[*A confused noise within,*—'Mercy on us!'—
'We split, we split!'—'Farewell, my wife and children!'—
'Farewell, brother!'—'We split, we split, we split!']

ANTONIO.

Let's all sink with the king.

SEBASTIAN.

Let's take leave of him.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

GONZALO.

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground,—long heath, brown furze,[1] anything. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

The island: before PROSPERO*'s cell.*

Enter PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

MIRANDA.

If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's[2] cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock

---

[1] furze: a low European shrub.
[2] welkin: sky.

Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The fraughting souls within her.[1]

PROSPERO.

Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA.

O, woe the day!

PROSPERO.

No harm.
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, who
Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
Of whence I am, nor that I am more better
Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.[2]

MIRANDA.

More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

PROSPERO.

'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me. So:
[*Lays down his mantle.*
Lie there, my art. Wipe thou thine eyes; have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack,[3] which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art

---

[1] **fraughting souls within her:** souls carried within her; "fraught" is an archaic word for freight.

[2] **master of a full poor cell,/And thy no greater father:** of poor worth and not much of a father.

[3] **wrack:** wreck.

So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as an hair
Betid[1] to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down;
For thou must now know further.

MIRANDA.

You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopt,
And left me to a bootless[2] inquisition,
Concluding, 'Stay, not yet.'

PROSPERO.

The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope[3] thine ear:
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

MIRANDA.

Certainly, sir, I can.

PROSPERO.

By what? by any other house or person?
Of any thing the image tell me that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

MIRANDA.

'Tis far off,
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?

PROSPERO.

Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememb'rest aught ere thou camest here,

---

[1] Betid: to befall.
[2] bootless: worthless.
[3] ope: open.

How thou camest here thou mayst.

MIRANDA.

But that I do not.

PROSPERO.

Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A prince of power.

MIRANDA.

Sir, are not you my father?

PROSPERO.

Thy mother was a piece[1] of virtue, and
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father
Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir,
And princess, no worse issued.[2]

MIRANDA.

O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't we did?

PROSPERO.

Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;
But blessedly holp[3] hither.

MIRANDA.

O, my heart bleeds
To think o'the teen[4] that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance! Please you, further.

PROSPERO.

My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom, next thyself,

---

[1] piece: person.
[2] issued: born.
[3] holp: obsolete word for helped.
[4] teen: sorrow.

Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the signiories[1] it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

MIRANDA.

Sir, most heedfully.

PROSPERO.

Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, who t'advance, and who
To trash[2] for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,
Or else new-form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.

MIRANDA.

O, good sir, I do.

PROSPERO.

I pray thee, mark me.
I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicate
To closeness,[3] and the bettering of my mind
With that which, but by being so retired,
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
Awaked an evil nature; and my trust,

---

[1] **signiories:** domains.
[2] **To trash:** to restrain; to curb.
[3] **closeness:** solitude.

Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had indeed no limit,
A confidence sans[1] bound. He being thus lorded,
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact, like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o'the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative:—hence his ambition growing,—
Dost thou hear?

MIRANDA.

Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

PROSPERO.

To have no screen[2] between this part he play'd
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
Absolute Milan.[3] Me, poor man, my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates—
So dry he was for sway[4]—with the King of Naples
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow'd,—alas, poor Milan!—
To most ignoble stooping.

MIRANDA.

O the heavens!

PROSPERO.

Mark his condition, and the event; then tell me
If this might be a brother.

---

[1] sans: without.
[2] screen: partition; obstruction.
[3] Absolute Milan: the true Duke of Milan.
[4] sway: power.

MIRANDA.

I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

PROSPERO.

Now the condition.
This King of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he, in lieu o'the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate[1] me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i'the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me and thy crying self.

MIRANDA.

Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again: it is a hint
That wrings mine eyes to't.

PROSPERO.

Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now's upon's; without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

MIRANDA.

Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

PROSPERO.

Well demanded, wench:

---

[1] extirpate: to drive away.

My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not,
So dear the love my people bore me, nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a butt,[1] not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively have quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

MIRANDA.

Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you!

PROSPERO.

O, a cherubin
Thou wast that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt,
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

MIRANDA.

How came we ashore?

PROSPERO.

By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity (who being then appointed
Master of this design), did give us, with

[1] butt: old boat.

Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much;[1] so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
From mine own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.

MIRANDA.

Would I might
But ever see that man!

PROSPERO.

Now I arise: [*Resuming his mantle.*
Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
Here in this island we arrived; and here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princess' can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

MIRANDA.

Heavens thank you for't! And now, I pray you, sir,
For still 'tis beating in my mind, your reason
For raising this sea-storm?

PROSPERO.

Know thus far forth.
By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore; and by my prescience
I find my zenith[2] doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions:
Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,
And give it way: I know thou canst not chuse.—

---

[1] **steaded much:** being of much use.
[2] **zenith:** high point of his fortunes.

[MIRANDA *sleeps.*

Come away, servant, come! I am ready now:
Approach, my Ariel; come!

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL.

All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds,—to thy strong bidding task[1]
Ariel and all his quality.[2]

PROSPERO.

Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?

ARIEL.

To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement: sometime I'ld divide,
And burn in many places; on the topmast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O'the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

PROSPERO.

My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil[3]
Would not infect his reason?

---

[1] task: to test; tax.
[2] his quality: his peers.
[3] coil: noisy confusion.

ARIEL.

Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring,[1]—then like reeds, not hair,—
Was the first man that leapt; cried, 'Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

PROSPERO.

Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?

ARIEL.

Close by, my master.

PROSPERO.

But are they, Ariel, safe?

ARIEL.

Not a hair perish'd;[2]
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before: and, as thou bad'st me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.
The king's son have I landed by himself;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.[3]

PROSPERO.

Of the king's ship
The mariners, say how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o'the fleet.

ARIEL.

Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once

[1] With hair up-staring: hair standing on end from fear.
[2] Not a hair perish'd: no one was drowned.
[3] His arms in this sad knot: his arms folded dejectedly.

Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vext Bermoothes,[1] there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o'the fleet,
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wrackt,
And his great person perish.

PROSPERO.

Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o'the day?

ARIEL.

Past the mid season.[2]

PROSPERO.

At least two glasses.[3] The time 'twixt six and now
Must by us both be spent most preciously.

ARIEL.

Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember[4] thee what thou hast promised,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

PROSPERO.

How now? moody?
What is't thou canst demand?

ARIEL.

My liberty.

PROSPERO.

Before the time be out? no more!

ARIEL.

I prithee,
Remember I have done thee worthy service;

---

[1] Bermoothes: obsolete form for Bermudas.
[2] Past the mid season: past midday.
[3] two glasses: two hours.
[4] remember: remind.

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
Without or grudge or grumblings; thou did promise
To bate[1] me a full year.

PROSPERO.

Dost thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

ARIEL.

No.

PROSPERO.

Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep,
To run upon the sharp wind of the north,
To do me business in the veins o'the earth
When it is baked with frost.

ARIEL.

I do not, sir.

PROSPERO.

Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forgot
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

ARIEL.

No, sir.

PROSPERO.

Thou hast. Where was she born? speak; tell me.

ARIEL.

Sir, in Argier.[2]

PROSPERO.

O, was she so? I must
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,

---

[1] bate: abate; reduce his term of service.
[2] Argier: Algiers.

For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing, from Argier,
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

ARIEL.

Ay, sir.

PROSPERO.

This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors. Thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, was then her servant;
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,[1] she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven[2] pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there; where thou didst vent[3] thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island—
Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp hag-born[4]—not honour'd with
A human shape.

ARIEL.

Yes, Caliban, her son.

PROSPERO.

Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans

---

[1] grand hests: grand commands.
[2] cloven: split.
[3] vent: to pour forth.
[4] A freckled whelp hag-born: a monstrosity.

Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears: it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: it was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape[1]
The pine, and let thee out.

ARIEL.

I thank thee, master.

PROSPERO.

If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

ARIEL.

Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,[2]
And do my spriting gently.

PROSPERO.

Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

ARIEL.

That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what; what shall I do?

PROSPERO.

Go make thyself like a nymph o'the sea: be subject
To no sight but thine and mine: invisible
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,
And hither come in't: go; hence with diligence! [*Exit* ARIEL.
Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

MIRANDA [*waking*].

The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.[3]

---

[1] gape: to open.
[2] correspondent to command: heedful to command.
[3] put/Heaviness in me: made me sad.

PROSPERO.

Shake it off. Come on;
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

MIRANDA.

'Tis a villain,[1] sir,
I do not love to look on.

PROSPERO.

But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood; and serves in offices[2]
That profit us.—What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth,[3] thou! speak.

CALIBAN [*within*].

There's wood enough within.

PROSPERO.

Come, forth, I say! there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise,[4] when?

Enter ARIEL *like a water-nymph.*

Fine apparition! My quaint[5] Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

ARIEL.

My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*

PROSPERO.

Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam,[6] come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

CALIBAN.

As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen[7]
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,[8]
And blister you all o'er!

---

[1] villain: ill-visaged. [2] offices: tasks. [3] earth: lowly. [4] tortoise: slow; sluggish. [5] quaint: ingenious. [6] dam: mother. [7] fen: marsh or swamp. [8] a south-west blow on ye: an unhealthy, warm wind blow on you.

PROSPERO.

For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins[1]
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee; thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

CALIBAN.

I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strokedst me, and made much of me; wouldst give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light,[2] and how the less,[3]
That burn by day and night: and then I loved thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o'the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile:
Cursed be I that did so! All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty[4] me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest o'the island.

PROSPERO.

Thou most lying[5] slave,
Whom stripes[6] may move, not kindness! I have used thee,

---

[1] **urchins:** hedgehogs and hobgoblins.
[2] **the bigger light:** the sun.
[3] **the less:** the moon.
[4] **sty:** pen up.
[5] **lying:** lowly.
[6] **stripes:** lashes.

Filth as thou art, with human care, and lodged thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

CALIBAN.

O ho, O ho! would't had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

PROSPERO.

Abhorred slave,
Which any print of goodness[1] wilt not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

CALIBAN.

You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague[2] rid you
For learning me your language!

PROSPERO.

Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou'rt best,
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice?

---

[1] **any print of goodness:** any gesture of goodness.
[2] **the red plague:** the bubonic plague.

If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

CALIBAN.

No, 'pray thee.—
[*aside*] I must obey: his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

PROSPERO.

So, slave; hence! [*Exit* CALABAN

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing and singing;*

FERDINAND *following.*

ARIEL'*s song.*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have and kist,—
The wild waves whist,[1]—
Foot it featly[2] here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark!
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]
The watch-dogs bark:
[*Burden, dispersedly, within.* Bow, wow.]
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer.[3]
[*Cry:* Cock-a-diddle-dow.]

FERDINAND.

Where should this music be? i'the air or the earth?
It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon
Some god o'the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wrack,

[1] **whist:** hushed; silent.
[2] **Foot it featly:** dance nimbly.
[3] **chanticleer:** rooster.

This music crept by me upon the waters,
Allaying both their fury and my passion
With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fadom[1] five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
[*Burden within.* Ding-dong.]
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

FERDINAND.

The ditty does remember my drown'd father:—
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes:[2]—I hear it now above me.

PROSPERO.

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou see'st yond.

MIRANDA.

What is't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

PROSPERO.

No, wench; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st
Was in the wrack; and, but he's something stain'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst call him

---

[1] fadom: fathom; nautical measurement.
[2] owes: owns.

A goodly person: he hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

MIRANDA.

I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

PROSPERO [*aside*].

It goes on, I see,
As my soul prompts it.[1]—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

FERDINAND.

Most sure, the goddess
On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer[2]
May know if you remain upon this island;
And that you will some good instruction give
How I may bear me[3] here: my prime request,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no? [4]

MIRANDA.

No wonder, sir;
But certainly a maid.

FERDINAND.

My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

PROSPERO.

How! the best!
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee?

FERDINAND.

A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me;
And that he does I weep: myself am Naples;

---

[1] It goes on, I see,/ As my soul prompts it: matters are proceeding as Prospero wishes.
[2] Vouchsafe my prayer: grant my prayer.
[3] bear me: how I may act, or conduct myself.
[4] If you be maid or no: flesh or spirit.

Who with mine eyes, never since at ebb,[1] beheld
The king my father wrackt.

MIRANDA.

Alack! for mercy!

FERDINAND.

Yes, faith, and all his lords; the Duke of Milan
And his brave son being twain.[2]

PROSPERO [*aside*].

The Duke of Milan
And his more braver daughter could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight
They have changed eyes.[3] Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;
I fear you have done yourself some wrong: a word.

MIRANDA.

Why speaks my father so ungently? This
Is the third man that e'er I saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for: pity move my father
To be inclined my way!

FERDINAND.

O, if a virgin,
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The queen of Naples.

PROSPERO.

Soft,[4] sir! one word more.—
[*aside*] They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge thee
That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest not; and hast put thyself

---

[1] eyes, never since at ebb: full of tears; never dry.
[2] being twain: separated.
[3] changed eyes: exchanged glances.
[4] soft: go easy.

Upon this island as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

FERDINAND.

No, as I am a man.

MIRANDA.

There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

PROSPERO.

Follow me.
Speak not you for him; he's a traitor. Come;
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh-brook mussels, wither'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

FERDINAND.

No;
I will resist such entertainment[1] till
Mine enemy has more power.

[Draws, and is charm'd from moving.

MIRANDA.

O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial[2] of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

PROSPERO.

What, I say,
My foot my tutor![3] Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience
Is so possest with guilt: come from thy ward;[4]
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

---

[1] entertainment: treatment.
[2] too rash a trial: too quick a judgment.
[3] My foot my tutor: this inferior and low person attempting to teach me.
[4] ward; guard.

MIRANDA.

Beseech you,[1] father!—

PROSPERO.

Hence! hang not on my garments.

MIRANDA.

Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.[2]

PROSPERO.

Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,
An advocate for an impostor! hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

MIRANDA.

My affections
Are, then, most humble;[3] I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

PROSPERO.

Come on; obey:
Thy nerves[4] are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

FERDINAND.

So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, nor this man's threats
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'the earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

---

[1] Beseech you: beg you; entreat you.
[2] his surety: his bond.
[3] My affections/ Are, then, most humble: she is not hard to please.
[4] Thy nerves: thy senses.

PROSPERO [*aside*].

It works.—Come on.— [*To* FERDINAND.
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel!—Follow me.—
[*To* FERDINAND.
Hark what thou else shalt do me. [*To* ARIEL.

MIRANDA.

Be of comfort;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted[1]
Which now came from him.

PROSPERO.

Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then exactly do
All points of my command.[2]

ARIEL.

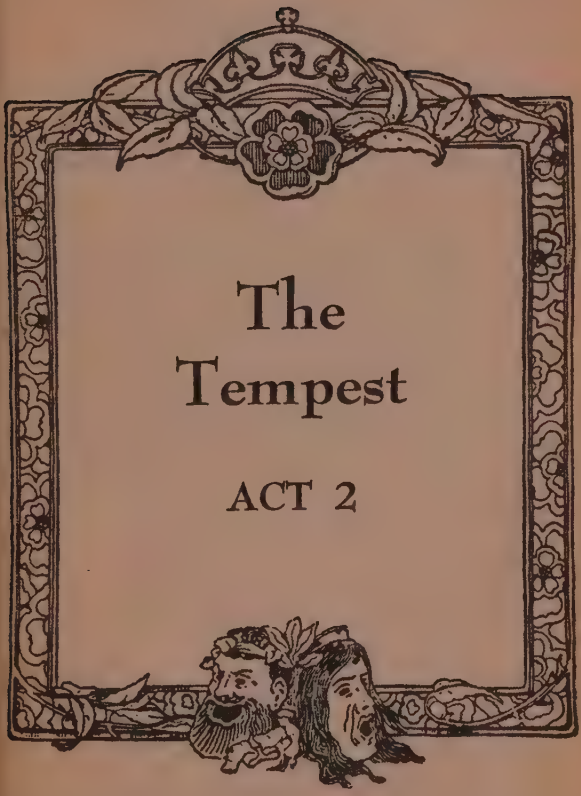
To the syllable.

PROSPERO.

Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] unwonted: unusual.
[2] All points of my command: to the letter.



The Tempest

ACT 2

ACT II

We are now taken to another part of the island, where we find Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Gonzalo, and other lords. Alonso is grief-stricken, believing his son to be dead. The others, especially Gonzalo, try to divert him, though the conversation of Antonio and Sebastian rather reveals their evil natures. Soon Ariel appears (though invisible to them) and casts a spell of sleep over all but Sebastian and Antonio, who begin to plot Alonso's and Gonzalo's deaths so that Sebastian may seize his brother's kingdom as Antonio has seized his brother's dukedom. Ariel, however, wakens the intended victims in time, and the villains must invent excuses for their drawn swords. Elsewhere in the island, Trinculo, the drunken jester, meets Caliban, and they are soon joined by Stephano, also drunk. Caliban, who has never seen men like them before, believes them to be gods and the wine they give him to be "celestial liquor."

ACT II. Scene I

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

—GONZALO.

Beseech you, sir, be merry; you have cause,
So have we all, of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss.[1] Our hint of woe
Is common; every day some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

[1] **our escape/ Is much beyond our loss:** our lives are of more value than our ship.

ALONSO.

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN.

He receives comfort like cold porridge.

ANTONIO.

The visitor will not give him o'er so.

SEBASTIAN.

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike.

GONZALO.

Sir,—

SEBASTIAN.

One: tell.[1]

GONZALO.

When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

SEBASTIAN.

A dollar.

GONZALO.

Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

SEBASTIAN.

You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

GONZALO.

Therefore, my lord,—

ANTONIO.

Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue![2]

ALONSO.

I prithee, spare.

---

[1] tell: count.

[2] spendthrift is he of his tongue: he has a loose tongue.

GONZALO.

Well, I have done: but yet,—

SEBASTIAN.

He will be talking.

ANTONIO.

Which, of he or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

SEBASTIAN.

The old cock.

ANTONIO.

The cockerel.

SEBASTIAN.

Done! The wager?

ANTONIO.

A laughter.

SEBASTIAN.

A match! [1]

ADRIAN.

Though this island seem to be desert,—

SEBASTIAN.

Ha, ha, ha!

ANTONIO.

So: you've paid.

ADRIAN.

Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

SEBASTIAN.

Yet,—

ADRIAN.

Yet,—

ANTONIO.

He could not miss't.

ADRIAN.

It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.[2]

---

[1] match: agreement.

[2] temperance: mild temperature; feminine name or attribute.

ANTONIO.

Temperance was a delicate wench.

SEBASTIAN.

Ay, and a subtle; as he most learnedly deliver'd.[1]

ADRIAN.

The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

SEBASTIAN.

As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

ANTONIO.

Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

GONZALO.

Here is everything advantageous to life.

ANTONIO.

True; save means to live.

SEBASTIAN.

Of that there's none, or little.

GONZALO.

How lush and lusty[2] the grass looks! how green!

ANTONIO.

The ground, indeed, is tawny.

SEBASTIAN.

With an eye of green in't.

ANTONIO.

He misses not much.

SEBASTIAN.

No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

GONZALO.

But the rariety of it is,—which is indeed almost beyond credit,—

SEBASTIAN.

As many voucht[3] rarieties are.

---

[1] deliver'd: reported.
[2] lusty: healthy.
[3] voucht: affirmed, or reported.

GONZALO.

That our garments, being, as they were, drencht in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and glosses, being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.

ANTONIO.

If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

SEBASTIAN.

Ay, or very falsely pocket up[1] his report.

GONZALO.

Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric,[2] at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

SEBASTIAN.

'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

ADRIAN.

Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

GONZALO.

Not since widow Dido's[3] time.

ANTONIO.

Widow! a pox o'that! How came that widow in? widow Dido!

SEBASTIAN.

What if he had said 'widower Aeneas' too? Good Lord, how you take it!

ADRIAN.

Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

GONZALO.

This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

---

[1] pocket up: refrain from mentioning.
[2] Afric: Africa.
[3] Dido: the widowed Queen of Carthage who killed herself because of her love for Aeneas.

ADRIAN.

Carthage!

GONZALO.

I assure you, Carthage.

ANTONIO.

His word is more than the miraculous harp.[1]

SEBASTIAN.

He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

ANTONIO.

What impossible matter will he make easy next?

SEBASTIAN.

I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

ANTONIO.

And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

GONZALO.

Ay.

ANTONIO.

Why, in good time.

GONZALO.

Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

ANTONIO.

And the rarest that e'er came there.

SEBASTIAN.

Bate,[2] I beseech you, widow Dido.

ANTONIO.

O, widow Dido: ay, widow Dido.

GONZALO.

Is not, sir, my doublet[3] as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

---

[1] **the miraculous harp:** referring to Amphion, who fortified Thebes by a wall built by charming the stones into place with a magic harp given to him by Hermes.

[2] **Bate:** leave out.

[3] **doublet:** outer garment; jacket, with or without sleeves.

ANTONIO.

That sort was well fish'd for.

GONZALO.

When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

ALONSO.

You cram these words into mine ears against
The stomach of my sense.[1] Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate,[2] she too,
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

FRANCISCO.

Sir, he may live:
I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis[3] bow'd,
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt
He came alive to land.

ALONSO.

No, no, he's gone.

SEBASTIAN.

Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,
That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,
But rather lose her to an African;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,

---

[1] against/ The stomach of my sense: grates against his nerves.
[2] in my rate: as I see it.
[3] basis: body.

Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

ALONSO.

Prithee, peace.

SEBASTIAN.

You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise,
By all of us; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o'the beam should bow.[1] We have lost your son,
I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
Moe[2] widows in them of this business' making
Than we bring men to comfort them:
The fault's your own.

ALONSO.

So is the dear'st o'the loss.

GONZALO.

My lord Sebastian,
The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.

SEBASTIAN.

Very well.

ANTONIO.

And most chirurgeonly.[3]

GONZALO.

It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
When you are cloudy.

SEBASTIAN.

Foul weather!

ANTONIO.

Very foul.

GONZALO.

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

---

[1] Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at/ Which end o' the beam should bow: she vacillated between obedience and disobedience.

[2] Moe: more.

[3] chirurgeonly: like a surgeon.

ANTONIO.
He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

SEBASTIAN.
Or docks,[1] or mallows.

GONZALO.
And were the king on't, what would I do?

SEBASTIAN.
Scape[2] being drunk for want of wine.

GONZALO.
I'the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things; for no kind of traffic
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;
Letters[3] should not be known; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none; contract, succession,
Bourn,[4] bound of land, tilth,[5] vineyard, none;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;
No occupation; all men idle, all;
And women too,—but innocent and pure;
No sovereignty,—

SEBASTIAN.
Yet he would be king on't.

ANTONIO.
The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

GONZALO.
All things in common nature should produce
Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,[6]
Would I not have, but nature should bring forth,
Of it own kind, all foison,[7] all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

SEBASTIAN.
No marrying 'mong his subjects?

---

[1] docks: coarse weeds. [2] Scape: escape. [3] Letters: learning. [4] Bourn: boundary limits. [5] tilth: cultivating the soil; tillage. [6] engine: military ordinance or equipment. [7] foison: plenty.

ANTONIO.

None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

GONZALO.

I would with such perfection govern, sir,
T'excel the golden age.[1]

SEBASTIAN.

'Save his majesty![2]

ANTONIO.

Long live Gonzalo!

GONZALO.

And,—do you mark me,[3] sir?—

ALONSO.

Prithee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

GONZALO.

I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion[4] to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible[5] and nimble lungs that they always use to laugh at nothing.

ANTONIO.

'Twas you we laugh'd at.

GONZALO.

Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

ANTONIO.

What a blow was there given!

SEBASTIAN.

An it had not fallen flat-long.[6]

GONZALO.

You are gentlemen of brave mettle; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

---

[1] the golden age: the period of the greatest flowering of civilization and art. [2] 'Save his majesty: God save the king. [3] mark me: understand me. [4] minister occa/sion: give cause. [5] sensible: sensitive [6] flat-long: a joke that falls flat.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, playing solemn music.*

SEBASTIAN.

We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.[1]

ANTONIO.

Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

GONZALO.

No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?[2]

ANTONIO.

Go sleep, and hear us.

[*All sleep except* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, *and* ANTONIO.

ALONSO.

What, all so soon asleep! I wish mine eyes
Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find
They are inclined to do so.

SEBASTIAN.

Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:[3]
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

ANTONIO.

We two, my lord,
Will guard your person while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

ALONSO.

Thank you.—Wondrous heavy.

[ALONSO *sleeps. Exit* ARIEL.

SEBASTIAN.

What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

ANTONIO.

It is the quality[4] o'the climate.

---

bat-fowling: night hunting of birds.
heavy: heavy-eyed; sleepy.
the heavy offer of it: the blessing of sleep.
quality: nature.

SEBASTIAN.

Why
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

ANTONIO.

Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;[1]
They dropt, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might?—No more:—
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion speaks thee;[2] and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SEBASTIAN.

What, art thou waking?

ANTONIO.

Do you not hear me speak?

SEBASTIAN.

I do; and surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open; standing, speaking, moving,
And yet so fast asleep.

ANTONIO.

Noble Sebastian,
Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep,—die, rather; wink'st[3]
Whiles thou art waking.

SEBASTIAN.

Thou dost snore distinctly;
There's meaning in thy snores.

---

[1] consent: common agreement.
[2] the occasion speaks thee: opportunity knocks.
[3] wink'st: have your eyes shut.

ANTONIO.

I am more serious than my custom: you
Must be so too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.[1]

SEBASTIAN.

Well, I am standing water.[2]

ANTONIO.

I'll teach you how to flow.

SEBASTIAN.

Do so: to ebb
Hereditary sloth instructs me.

ANTONIO.

O,
If you but knew how you the purpose cherish
Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,
You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,
Most often do so near the bottom run
By their own fear or sloth.

SEBASTIAN.

Prithee, say on:
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter[3] from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes[4] thee much to yield.

ANTONIO.

Thus, sir:
Although this lord of weak remembrance,[5] this,
Who shall be of as little memory
When he is earth'd,[6] hath here almost persuaded,—
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade,—the king his son's alive,
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd
As he that sleeps here swims.

---

[1] Trebles thee O'er: triples your stature.
[2] standing water: withholding speech and listening.
[3] matter: important thing.
[4] throes: strains.
[5] lord of weak remembrance: very forgetful.
[6] earth'd: buried.

SEBASTIAN.

I have no hope
That he's undrown'd.

ANTONIO.

O, out of that 'no hope'
What great hope have you! no hope, that way, is
Another way so high a hope that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubts discovery[1] there. Will you grant with me
That Ferdinand is drown'd?

SEBASTIAN.

He's gone.

ANTONIO.

Then, tell me,
Who's the next heir of Naples?

SEBASTIAN.

Claribel.

ANTONIO.

She that is queen of Tunis; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life,[2] she that from Naples
Can have no note, unless the sun were post,[3]—
The man-i'-the-moon's too slow,—till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she that—from whom
We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;[4]
And, by that destiny, to perform an act
Whereof what's past is prologue; what to come,
In yours and my discharge.[5]

SEBASTIAN.

What stuff is this!—How say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis;

---

[1] doubts discovery: cannot believe his own eyes.
[2] Ten leagues beyond man's life: farther than a man could travel in his lifetime.
[3] the sun were post: the sun were a messenger.
[4] cast again: cast ashore; saved from drowning.
[5] In yours and my discharge: to be enacted by you and me.

So is she heir of Naples; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

ANTONIO.

A space whose every cubit
Seems to cry out, 'How shall that Claribel
Measure us[1] back to Naples? Keep in Tunis,
And let Sebastian wake!'—Say, this were death
That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples
As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo; I myself could make
A chough[2] of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do! what a sleep were this
For your advancement! Do you understand me?

SEBASTIAN.

Methinks I do.

ANTONIO.

And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

SEBASTIAN.

I remember
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

ANTONIO.

True:
And look how well my garments sit upon me;
Much feater than before:[3] my brother's servants
Were then my fellows; now they are my men.

SEBASTIAN.

But, for your conscience,—

ANTONIO.

Ay, sir; where lies that? if 'twere a kibe,[4]

---

[1] measure us: pace off the miles for us.
[2] chough: a bird of the crow family.
[3] how well my garments sit upon me;/ Much feater than before: how well my garments fit me; much better than before.
[4] kibe: an ulcerated chilblain.

'Twould put me to my slipper: but I feel not
This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied[1] be they,
And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever;[2] whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink[3] for aye might put
This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence,[4] who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.[5]

SEBASTIAN.

Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent; as thou got'st Milan,
I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword: one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the king shall love thee.

ANTONIO.

Draw together;
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
To fall[6] it on Gonzalo.

SEBASTIAN.

O, but one word.

Enter ARIEL, *invisible, with music and song.*

ARIEL.

My master through his art foresees the danger
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth,—
For else his project dies,—to keep them living.
[*Sings in* GONZALO's *ear*

---

[1] candied: hardened. [2] Can lay to bed for ever: kill. [3] perpetual wink: death. [4] This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence: a sorry excuse for a man—in this case, Gonzalo. [5] tell the clock to any business that/ We say befits the hour: fall in with their plans. [6] fall strike.

While you here do snoring lie,
Open-eyed conspiracy
His time doth take.
If of like you keep a care,
Shake off slumber, and beware:
Awake, awake!

ANTONIO.

Then let us both be sudden.[1]

GONZALO [*waking*].

Now, good angels
Preserve the king! Why, how now? ho, awake!
Why are you drawn? wherefore this ghastly looking?

ALONSO [*waking*].

What's the matter?

SEBASTIAN.

Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions: did't not wake you?
It struck mine ear most terribly.

ALONSO.

I heard nothing.

ANTONIO.

O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

ALONSO.

Heard you this, Gonzalo?

GONZALO.

Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,

---

[1] **sudden:** awake; alert.

That's verily.[1] 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

ALONSO.

Lead off this ground; and let's make further search
For my poor son.

GONZALO.

Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i'the island.

ALONSO.

Lead away.

ARIEL.

Prospero my lord shall know what I have done:—
So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN *with a burden of wood. A noise of thunder heard.*

CALIBAN.

All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him
By inch-meal [2] a disease! His spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shows,[3] pitch me i'the mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand,[4] in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em: but
For every trifle are they set upon me;
Sometimes like apes, that mow[5] and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedgehogs, which

---

[1] verily: in truth.
[2] inch-meal: piece by piece.
[3] urchin-shows: sprite apparitions.
[4] firebrand: fiery apparition.
[5] mow: make faces.

Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo!
Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind[1] me.

Enter TRINCULO.

TRINCULO.

Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it sing i' the wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard[2] that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head: yond[3] same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.—What have we here? a man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest, Poor-John.[4] A strange fish! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver: there would this monster make a man; any strange beast[5] there makes a man: when they will not give a doit[6] to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man! and his fins like arms! Warm, o' my troth![7] I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer,—this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffer'd by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: misery ac-

---

[1] mind: notice. [2] bombard: a leather container for carrying liquor. [3] yond: yonder. [4] Poor-John: dried and salted cod. [5] any strange beast: any freak. [6] doit: a minor Dutch coin. [7] o' my troth: on my word.

quaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

[*Creeps under* CALIBAN's *gaberdine.*

Enter STEPHANO, *singing; a bottle in his hand.*

STEPHANO.

I shall no more to sea, to sea,
Here shall I die ashore,—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral: well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang!
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch;
Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch.
Then, to sea, boys, and let her go hang!

This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

CALIBAN.

Do not torment me:—O!

STEPHANO.

What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with salvages[1] and men of Inde?[2] ha! I have not scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

CALIBAN.

The spirit torments me:—O!

---

[1] **salvages:** savages.
[2] **Inde:** the Indies.

STEPHANO.

This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.[1]

CALIBAN.

Do not torment me, prithee,[2] I'll bring my wood home faster.

STEPHANO.

He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him,[3] and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

CALIBAN.

Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

STEPHANO.

Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat: open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend: open your chaps[4] again.

TRINCULO.

I should know that voice: it should be—but he is drown'd; and these are devils:—O, defend me!

---

[1] **neat's-leather:** ox leather.
[2] **prithee:** pray thee.
[3] **recover him:** bring him to his senses.
[4] **chaps:** chops (jaws).

STEPHANO.

Four legs and two voices,[1]—a most delicate monster! His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague.—Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

TRINCULO.

Stephano!—

STEPHANO.

Doth thy other mouth call me?—Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.[2]

TRINCULO.

Stephano!—if thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo,—be not afeard,—thy good friend, Trinculo.

STEPHANO.

If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Draws* TRINCULO *out by the legs.*]—Thou art very Trinculo indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?[3] can he vent Trinculos?

TRINCULO.

I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd. Is the storm over-blown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans scaped!

---

[1] **Four legs and two voices:** the drunken Stephano did not see Trinculo creep under Caliban's robe so that his feet protrude next to Caliban's head, while Caliban's feet are near Trinculo's head.

[2] **I have no long spoon:** "He must have a long spoone, shall eat with the devill."—Heywood's *Proverbes.*

[3] **siege of this moon-calf:** excrement of this monstrosity.

STEPHANO.

Prithee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.[1]

CALIBAN [*aside*].

These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.
That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

STEPHANO.

How didst thou scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack,[2] which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

CALIBAN.

I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

STEPHANO.

Here; swear, then, how thou escapedst.

TRINCULO.

Swum ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

STEPHANO.

Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.[3]

TRINCULO.

O Stephano, hast any more of this?

STEPHANO.

The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid.—How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

CALIBAN.

Hast thou not dropt from heaven?

---

constant: settled.
butt of sack: barrel of wine.
goose: a dolt.

STEPHANO.

Out o'the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man-i'-the-moon when time was.

CALIBAN.

I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.[1]

STEPHANO.

Come, swear to that; kiss the book:—I will furnish it anon with new contents:—swear.

TRINCULO.

By this good light, this is a very shallow[2] monster!—I afeard of him!—a very weak monster:—the man-i'the-moon!—a most poor credulous monster!—Well drawn,[3] monster, in good sooth.

CALIBAN.

I'll show thee every fertile inch o'the island; and I will kiss thy foot: I prithee, be my god.

TRINCULO.

By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster! when's god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

CALIBAN.

I'll kiss thy foot; I'll swear myself thy subject.

STEPHANO.

Come on, then; down, and swear.

TRINCULO.

I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

STEPHANO.

Come kiss.

---

[1] thy dog, and thy bush: according to an old tale, the man in the moon was left there as a punishment, and with him, his dog and a bush.

[2] shallow: simple; stupid.

[3] Well drawn: take a good drink.

TRINCULO.

But that the poor monster's in drink:[1] an abominable monster!

CALIBAN.

I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wondrous man.

TRINCULO.

A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

CALIBAN.

I prithee, let me bring thee where crabs[2] grow;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;[3]
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmoset; I'll bring thee
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young scamels[4] from the rock. Wilt thou go with me?

STEPHANO.

I prithee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here.[5] Here, bear my bottle: fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

CALIBAN [*sings drunkenly*].

Farewell, master; farewell, farewell!

TRINCULO.

A howling monster; a drunken monster!

---

[1] **in drink:** intoxicated.
[2] **crabs:** stunted apples.
[3] **pig-nuts:** groundnuts.
[4] **scamels:** the bar-tailed godwit; a seabird.
[5] **inherit here:** stay here.

CALIBAN.

No more dams I'll make for fish;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring;
Nor scrape trenchering,[1] nor wash dish:
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban
Has a new master: get a new man.
Freedom high-day! [2] high-day, freedom! freedom, high-day, freedom!

STEPHANO.

O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

[1] scrape trenchering: eating leftovers.
[2] high-day: feast day.

The Tempest

ACT 3

ACT III

BACK AT Prospero's cell Ferdinand is busily performing his tasks, while Miranda looks on lovingly and beguiles the time with pleasant conversation. Prospero watches unobserved and not unapproving as they exchange vows of love and agree to marry. Meanwhile, Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano are plotting to kill Prospero and take possession of the island. Stephano will be king, Miranda his queen, and Caliban and Trinculo his viceroys. Ariel, however, overhears the plot. In their part of the island, Alonso and the others are subjected to some of Prospero's magic arts. He causes a sumptuous banquet to be brought in by "strange shapes" and set before them, then makes it vanish when they approach to eat. Thereupon, Ariel appears in the form of a harpy and admonishes them for their sins against Prospero and his daughter. The "shapes" appear again, dancing and mocking them, and carry off the table. But only Alonso is moved to repentance.

ACT III. Scene I.

Before PROSPERO'S *cell.*

Enter FERDINAND, *bearing a log.*

FERDINAND.

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
Delight in them sets off:[1] some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious, but
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,[2]
And makes my labours pleasures: O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabb'd;[3]
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction:[4] my sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had never like executor. I forget:

---

[1] some sports are painful, and their labour/ Delight in them sets off: the pleasure we get out of some sports offsets the pain and labor involved.
[2] quickens what's dead: brings to life.
[3] crabb'd: mean and irritable.
[4] sore injunction: harsh command.

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour;
Most busiless[1] when I do it.

Enter MIRANDA; *and* PROSPERO *behind.*

MIRANDA.

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard: I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!
Pray, set it down, and rest you: when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study; pray, now, rest yourself:
He's safe for these three hours.

FERDINAND.

O most dear mistress,
The sun will set before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

MIRANDA.

If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while: pray, give me that;
I'll carry it to the pile.

FERDINAND.

No, precious creature;
I had rather crack[2] my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

MIRANDA.

It would become me
As well as it does you: and I should do it
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

PROSPERO *[aside]*.

Poor worm, thou art infected![3]
This visitation shows it.

---

[1] busiless: less hard (when thinking of Miranda).
[2] crack: strain.
[3] Poor worm, thou art infected: Poor, lowly thing, you are a victim of love.

MIRANDA.

You look wearily.

FERDINAND.

No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me
When you are by at night.[1] I do beseech you,—
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers,—
What is your name?

MIRANDA.

Miranda:—O my father,
I've broke your hest to say so!

FERDINAND.

Admired Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard;[2] and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil:[3] but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best!

MIRANDA.

I do not know
One of my sex; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father: how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of;[4] but, by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you;

---

[1] 'tis fresh morning with me/ When you are by at night: you lighten the night with your presence.
[2] best regard: best attention.
[3] put it to the foil: cancel out.
[4] skilless of: ignorant of.

Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

FERDINAND.

I am, in my condition,[1]
A prince, Miranda; I do think, a king,—
I would not so!—and would no more endure
This wooden slavery than to suffer
The flesh-fly[2] blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides
To make me slave to it; and for your sake
Am I this patient log-man.

MIRANDA.

Do you love me?

FERDINAND.

O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,[3]
If I speak true! if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

MIRANDA.

I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

PROSPERO [*aside*].

Fair encounter[4]
Of two most rare affections! Heavens rain grace
On that which breeds between 'em!

FERDINAND.

Wherefore weep you?

---

[1] **condition:** social estate.
[2] **flesh-fly:** a fly that deposits its eggs in the flesh, infecting it and causing it to swell.
[3] **kind event:** kind fate.
[4] **Fair encounter:** equally met.

MIRANDA.

At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
What I desire to give; and much less take
What I shall die to want.[1] But this is trifling;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning![2]
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
I am your wife, if you will marry me;
If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

FERDINAND.

My mistress, dearest;
And I thus humble ever.

MIRANDA.

My husband, then?

FERDINAND.

Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

MIRANDA.

And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell
Till half an hour hence.

FERDINAND.

A thousand thousand!

[*Exeunt* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *severally.*

PROSPERO.

So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform
Much business appertaining. [*Exit.*

---

[1] **to want: to lose.**

[2] **Hence, bashful cunning: away with false modesty.**

Scene II

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

STEPHANO.

Tell not me; when the butt is out,[1] we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em.[2] Servant-monster, drink to me.

TRINCULO.

Servant-monster! the folly of this island! They say there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

STEPHANO.

Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set[3] in thy head.

TRINCULO.

Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

STEPHANO.

My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues off and on, by this light.—Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.[4]

TRINCULO.

Your lieutenant, if you list;[5] he's no standard.

STEPHANO.

We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

TRINCULO.

Nor go neither: but you'll lie, like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

STEPHANO.

Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

---

[1] when the butt is out: when the barrel of wine is empty.
[2] bear up, and board 'em: engage in a bout; in this case, drinking.
[3] set: glazed.
[4] standard: standard-bearer; to carry his flag upright.
[5] list: lean.

CALIBAN.

How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe. I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

TRINCULO.

Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to justle[1] a constable. Why, thou debosh'd[2] fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

CALIBAN.

Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

TRINCULO.

'Lord,' quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural![3]

CALIBAN.

Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I prithee.

STEPHANO.

Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree![4] The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

CALIBAN.

I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit[5] I made to thee?

STEPHANO.

Marry,[6] will I: kneel and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

---

[1] in case to justle: in shape to wrestle.
[2] debosh'd: debauched; spoiled.
[3] natural: an idiot; a pun—a monster would not be natural.
[4] the next tree: he will hang him.
[5] suit: entreaty.
[6] Marry: "by the Virgin Mary."

Enter ARIEL [*invisible*].

CALIBAN.

As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant,—a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

ARIEL.

Thou liest.

CALIBAN.

Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou:
I would my valiant master would destroy thee!
I do not lie.

STEPHANO.

Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

TRINCULO.

Why, I said nothing.

STEPHANO.

Mum, then, and no more.—Proceed.

CALIBAN.

I say, by sorcery, he got this isle;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will,
Revenge it on him, for I know thou darest,
But this thing dare not,—

STEPHANO.

That's most certain.

CALIBAN.

Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

STEPHANO.

How now shall this be compast? [1] Canst thou bring me to the party?

CALIBAN.

Yea, yea, my lord: I'll yield him thee asleep,
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

---

[1] **compast:** brought about.

ARIEL.

Thou liest; thou canst not.

CALIBAN.

What a pied ninny's[1] this! Thou scurvy patch! [2]
I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him: when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine; for I'll not show him
Where the quick freshes[3] are.

STEPHANO.

Trinculo, run into no further danger: interrupt the monster one word further, and, by this hand I'll turn my mercy out o'doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.[4]

TRINCULO.

Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further off.

STEPHANO.

Didst thou not say he lied?

ARIEL.

Thou liest.

STEPHENO.

Do I so? take thou that [*Strikes* TRINCULO.] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

TRINCULO.

I did not give the lie.—Out o'your wits, and hearing too?—A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do.—A murrain[5] on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

CALIBAN.

Ha, ha, ha!

STEPHANO.

Now, forward with your tale.—Prithee, stand further off.

---

[1] **pied ninny:** spotted fool; this has reference to a jester's dress, parti-colored or patched. [2] **scurvy patch:** contemptible fool. [3] **quick freshes:** fresh-water springs. [4] **turn my mercy out/o'doors, and make a stock-fish out of thee:** forget my good nature and beat you to a pulp; a stock-fish was a dried fish that was beaten and flattened out before cooking. [5] **murrain:** plague take you!; murrain was a pestilence or plague.

CALIBAN.

Beat him enough: after a little time,
I'll beat him too.

STEPHANO.

Stand further.—Come, proceed.

CALIBAN.

Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him
I'the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,
Having first seized his books; or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch[1] him with a stake,
Or cut his wesand with thy knife:[2] remember,
First to possess his books; for without them
He's but a sot,[3] as I am, nor hath not
One spirit to command: they all do hate him
As rootedly[4] as I:—burn but his books.
He has brave utensils,[5]—for so he calls them,—
Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal:
And that most deeply to consider is
The beauty of his daughter; he himself
Calls her a nonpareil: I never saw a woman,
But only Sycorax my dam and she;
But she as far surpasseth Sycorax
As great'st does least.

STEPHANO.

Is it so brave a lass?

CALIBAN.

Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.[6]

STEPHANO.

Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be kin
and queen,—save our graces!—and Trinculo and thyself sha
be viceroys.—Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

---

[1] paunch: disembowel.
[2] cut his wesand with thy knife: cut his throat.
[3] sot: simpleton.
[4] rootedly: deeply; firmly.
[5] brave utensils: magnificent household furnishings.
[6] brave brood: handsome children.

TRINCULO.

Excellent.

STEPHANO.

Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee, but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

CALIBAN.

Within this half hour will he be asleep:
Wilt thou destroy him then?

STEPHANO.

Ay, on mine honour.

ARIEL.

This will I tell my master.

CALIBAN.

Thou makest me merry; I am full of pleasure:
Let us be jocund:[1] will you troll the catch[2]
You taught me but while-ere? [3]

STEPHANO.

At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason.—Come on, Trinculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

'Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout[4] 'em;
Thought is free.'

CALIBAN.

That's not the tune. [ARIEL *plays a tune on a tabor and pipe.*[5]

STEPHANO.

What is this same?

TRINCULO.

This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody.[6]

STEPHANO.

If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

---

[1] **jocund:** merry. [2] **troll the catch:** sing a roundelay (round). [3] **while-ere:** some time ago. [4] **flout:** to jeer; to scoff. [5] **tabor and pipe:** drum and fife. [6] **Nobody:** a character in a play called *Nobody and Somebody* who had no body.

TRINCULO.

O, forgive me my sins!

STEPHANO.

He that dies pays all debts:[1] I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

CALIBAN.

Art thou afeard?

STEPHANO.

No, monster, not I.

CALIBAN.

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open, and show riches
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

STEPHANO.

This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

CALIBAN.

When Prospero is destroy'd.

STEPHANO.

That shall be by and by: I remember the story.

TRINCULO.

The sound is going away; let's follow it, and after do our work.

STEPHANO.

Lead, monster; we'll follow.—I would I could see this taborer!

---

[1] **He that dies pays all debts:** death cancels all debts.

he lays it on.[1]

TRINCULO.

Wilt come? I'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

GONZALO.

By'r lakin,[2] I can go no further, sir;
My old bones ache! here's a maze[3] trod, indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders![4] by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

ALONSO.

Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd[5] with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits: sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer: he is drown'd
Whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

ANTONIO [*aside to* SEBASTIAN].

I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose
That you resolved t'effect.

SEBASTIAN [*aside to* ANTONIO].

The next advantage
Will we take throughly.[6]

---

[1] **he lays it on:** he beats the drum with a will.
[2] **By'r lakin:** By our little lady (the Virgin Mary).
[3] **a maze:** a labyrinthe or a dance step.
[4] **forth-rights and meanders:** straight and winding paths.
[5] **attach'd:** gripped; seized.
[6] **throughly:** thoroughly.

ANTONIO [*aside to* SEBASTIAN].

Let it be to-night;
For, now they are oppress'd[1] with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance
As when they are fresh.

SEBASTIAN [*aside to* ANTONIO].

I say, to-night: no more.

[*Solemn and strange music.*

ALONSO.

What harmony is this?—My good friends, hark!

GONZALO.

Marvellous sweet music!

Enter PROSPERO, *above, invisible. Enter, below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*

ALONSO.

Give us kind keepers, heavens![2]—What were these?

SEBASTIAN.

A living drollery.[3] Now I will believe
That there are unicorns;[4] that in Arabia
There is one tree, the phœnix'[5] throne; one phœnix
At this hour reigning there.

ANTONIO.

I'll believe both;
And what does else want credit,[6] come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

GONZALO.

If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,—

---

[1] **oppress'd:** weighed down by weariness. [2] **Give us kind keepers, heavens!:** May heaven protect us! [3] **A living drollery:** a comic show. [4] **unicorns:** fabled horselike animals having one horn protruding from their forehead. [5] **phoenix:** a legendary bird that was consumed in fire by its own act and rose, renewed, from its ashes. [6] **want credit:** without belief.

For, certes,[1] these are people of the island,—
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

PROSPERO [*aside*].

Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

ALONSO.

I cannot too much muse[2]
Such shapes, such gesture,[3] and such sound, expressing—
Although they want the use of tongue—a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

PROSPERO [*aside*].

Praise in departing.[4]

FRANCISCO.

They vanish'd strangely.

SEBASTIAN.

No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have stomachs.—
Will't please you taste of what is here?

ALONSO.

Not I.

GONZALO.

Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dew-lapp'd like bulls,[5] whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men

---

[1] **certes:** certainly.
[2] **muse:** wonder at.
[3] **gesture:** behavior.
[4] **Praise in departing:** from an old proverb—"Praise at parting."
[5] **Dew-lapp'd like bulls:** enlargement of the thyroid gland (goiter).

Whose heads stood in their breasts? [1] which now we find
Each putter-out of five for one[2] will bring us
Good warrant of.

ALONSO.

I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel
The best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand to,[3] and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, *like a harpy;*[4] *claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

ARIEL.

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—
That hath to instrument[5] this lower world
And what is in't,—the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up you; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit,—you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
And even with such-like valour men hang and drown
Their proper[6] selves. [*They draw their swords.*
You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of Fate: the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs[7]
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle[8] that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy[9] for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted. But remember,—
For that's my business to you,—that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;

---

[1] **Whose heads stood in their breasts:** fabled monstrosities. [2] **putter-out of five for one:** venture capital where the return is five for one. [3] **stand to:** go at it with a will. [4] **harpy:** in Classical Mythology, represented as having a woman's head and body and a bird's wings and claws. [5] **That hath to instrument:** that controls. [6] **proper:** real. [7] **bemock'd-at stabs:** halfhearted thrusts. [8] **dowle:** filament of a feather. [9] **massy:** massive.

Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit[1] it,
Him and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me,
Lingering perdition[2]—worse than any death
Can be at once—shall step by step attend
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—
Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads,—is nothing but heart's sorrow
And a clear[3] life ensuing.

He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.

PROSPERO [*aside*].
Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
Perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devouring:
Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated[4]
In what thou hadst to say: so, with good life
And observation strange, my meaner ministers[5]
Their several kinds[6] have done. My high charms work,
And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
In their distractions: they now are in my power;
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit
Young Ferdinand,—whom they suppose is drown'd,—
And his and mine loved darling. [*Exit above.*

GONZALO.
I'the name of something holy, sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

---

[1] **requit:** evened the score.
[2] **perdition:** damnation.
[3] **clear:** uncomplicated.
[4] **bated:** left out.
[5] **meaner ministers:** sprites lower in rank than Ariel.
[6] **Their several kinds:** their different tasks.

ALONSO.

O, it is monstrous, monstrous!
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.[1]
Therefore my son i'the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. [*Exit.*

SEBASTIAN.

But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.[2]

ANTONIO.

I'll be thy second.
[*Exeunt* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

GONZALO.

All three of them are desperate: their great guilt,
Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.[3]—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy[4]
May now provoke them to.

ADRIAN.

Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*

[1] bass my trespass: deepened his sin (shame).
[2] their legions o'er: the devils, one and all.
[3] 'gins to bite the spirits: begins to eat away their spirits.
[4] ecstasy: frenzy.

The Tempest

ACT 4

ACT IV

PROSPERO now releases Ferdinand from his tasks and consents to his marrying Miranda. At Prospero's command the Spirits whom he controls present for the entertainment of the lovers a masque in which the Spirits appear as Iris, Ceres, Juno, nymphs, and reapers. Remembering the plot of Caliban and his confederates, of which Ariel has informed him, Prospero suddenly ends the masque. He consults Ariel on the whereabouts of the conspirators, and, learning that they are nearby, orders Ariel to fetch from his cell a quantity of "glistering apparel." Ariel brings it and hangs it on a line. The three conspirators enter, and Trinculo and Stephano seize the gaudy clothes with great glee, while Caliban advises them to "do the murder first." They disregard him and begin to share the garments. Suddenly they are set upon by spirits in the shape of dogs, and are driven off as Prospero and Ariel send the dogs after them.

ACT IV. Scene I.

Before PROSPERO*'s cell.*

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, *and* MIRANDA.

PROSPERO.

If I have too austerely[1] punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,[2]
Or that for which I live: who once again
I tender to thy hand: all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely[3] stood the test: here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,[4]
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

---

[1] austerely: severely.
[2] a thread of mine own life: a part of his life—Miranda, his daughter.
[3] strangely: uncommonly well.
[4] boast her off: speak well of her.

FERDINAND.

I do believe it
Against an oracle.[1]

PROSPERO.

Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter: but
If thou dost break her virgin-knot before
All sanctimonious[2] ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion[3] shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly
That you shall hate it both: therefore take heed,
As Hymen's lamps shall light you.[4]

FERDINAND.

As I hope
For quiet days, fair issue,[5] and long life,
With such love as 'tis now,—the murkiest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser Genius can,[6] shall never melt
Mine honour into lust; to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,

---

[1] Against an oracle: he believes it above all. [2] sanctimonious: sacred. [3] aspersion: benediction. [4] As Hymen's lamps shall light you: as Hymen, God of marriage, will illuminate with his torch a happy marriage. [5] fair issue: handsome children. [6] Our worser Genius can: our baser side can offer.

When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,[1]
Or Night kept chain'd below.

PROSPERO.

Fairly spoke.
Sit, then, and talk with her; she is thine own.—
What, Ariel! my industrious servant, Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL.

What would my potent master? here I am.

PROSPERO.

Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
Did worthily perform; and I must use you
In such another trick.[2] Go bring the rabble,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion;[3] for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art:[4] it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

ARIEL.

Presently?

PROSPERO.

Ay, with a twink.

ARIEL.

Before you can say, 'Come,' and 'Go,'
And breathe twice, and cry, 'So, so,'
Each one, tripping on his toe,
Will be here with mop and mow.
Do you love me, master? no?

PROSPERO.

Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach
Till thou dost hear me call.

ARIEL.

Well, I conceive.[5] [*Exit.*

---

[1] or Phoebus' steeds are founder'd: before the horses of the sun god became disabled.
[2] trick: superhuman task.
[3] Incite them to quick motion: incite them to violent acts.
[4] Some vanity of mine art: he must show his magic power.
[5] conceive: understand.

PROSPERO.

Look thou be true;[1] do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i'the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night your vow!

FERDINAND.

I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.[2]

PROSPERO.

Well.—
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,[3]
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly!
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*Soft music.*

Enter IRIS.

IRIS.[4]

Ceres,[5] most bounteous lady, thy rich leas[6]
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches,[7] oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads[8] thatch'd with stover,[9] them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled [10] brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipt vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air;—the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,

---

[1] **true:** faithful. [2] **Abates the ardour of my liver:** cools the ardor of my passion. [3] **corollary:** a superfluous number. [4] **Iris:** Goddess of the Rainbow. [5] **Ceres:** Goddess of Plenty. [6] **leas:** arable lands. [7] **vetches:** a plant used for fodder. [8] **meads:** meadows. [9] **stover:** cured stalks of grain. [10] **pioned and twilled:** trenched and ridged.

Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport:—her peacocks fly amain:[1]
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.[2]

Enter CERES.

CERES.

Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky[3] acres and my unshrubb'd down,[4]
Rich scarf to my proud earth;—why hath thy queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS.

A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate[5]
On the bless'd lovers.

CERES.

Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,[6]
Her and her blind boy's[7] scandall'd[8] company
I have forsworn.

IRIS.

Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid

---

[1] **amain:** full speed. [2] **entertain:** receive. [3] **bosky:** wooded. [4] **down:** open upland. [5] **estate:** endow. [6] **dusky Dis my daughter got:** Pluto, king of the underworld, kidnaped Proserpina, Ceres' daughter. [7] **her blind boy:** Cupid. [8] **scandall'd:** scandalous.

Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion[1] is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed[2] son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.[3]

CERES.

Highest queen of state,
Great Juno, comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

JUNO.

How does my bounteous sister? Go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Song.

JUNO.

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you!
Juno sings her blessings on you.

CERES.

Earth's increase, foison plenty,
Barns and garners never empty;
Vines with clustering bunches growing;
Plants with goodly burden bowing,
Spring come to you at the farthest
In the very end of harvest![4]
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

FERDINAND.

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

---

[1] Mars's hot minion: Mars's (god of war) mistress (Venus).
[2] waspish-headed: bad-tempered.
[3] be a boy right out: be a mortal, instead of a god.
[4] Spring come to you at the farthest/ In the very end of harvest: skip winter altogether.

PROSPERO.

Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND.

Let me live here ever;
So rare a wonder'd[1] father, and a wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

[JUNO *and* CERES *whisper, and send* IRIS *on employment.*

PROSPERO.

Sweet, now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

IRIS.

You nymphs, call'd Naiades, of the windring[2] brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp[3] channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain NYMPHS.

You sunburn'd sicklemen,[4] of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry:
Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.[5]

Enter certain REAPERS, *properly habited: they join with the* NYMPHS *in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof*

---

[1] **wonder'd:** wonderful.
[2] **windring:** meandering.
[3] **crisp:** curling.
[4] **sicklemen:** harvesters.
[5] **country footing:** earthy relationship.

[PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily*[1] *vanish.*

PROSPERO [*aside.*]

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*to the* SPIRITS] Well done;—avoid,[2]—no more.

FERDINAND.

This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA.

Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

PROSPERO.

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,[3]
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit,[4] shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack[5] behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.[6]—[Sir, I am vext;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.

[1] heavily: slowly and laboriously.
[2] avoid: to betake oneself away.
[3] in a moved sort: in an agitated way.
[4] all which it inherit: everything in the world.
[5] rack: faint trace.
[6] sleep: death.

FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA.

We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*

PROSPERO [*to* ARIEL].

Come with a thought![1]—I thank thee, Ariel, come!

Enter ARIEL.

ARIEL.

Thy thoughts I cleave to.[2] What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO.

Spirit,
We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

ARIEL.

Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it; but I fear'd
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO.

Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?[3]

ARIEL.

I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;
So full of valour that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards[4] their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd[5] colts, they prick'd their ears,
Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I'the filthy-mantled[6] pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

---

[1] **Come with a thought:** come quickly.
[2] **Thy thoughts I cleave to:** he can read his mind.
[3] **varlets:** scoundrels.
[4] **bending/ Towards:** inclining towards.
[5] **unback'd:** unbroken.
[6] **filthy-mantled:** scum-covered.

PROSPERO.

This was well done, my bird.
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery[1] in my house, go bring it hither,
For stale[2] to catch these thieves.

ARIEL.

I go, I go. [*Exit.*

PROSPERO.

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture[3] can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;
And as with age his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers.[4] I will plague them all,
Even to roaring.

Enter ARIEL, *loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.[5]

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain, invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

CALIBAN.

Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not
Hear a foot fall: we now are near his cell.

STEPHANO.

Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack[6] with us.

TRINCULO.

Monster, I do smell all horse-piss; at which my nose is in great indignation.

STEPHANO.

So is mine.—Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you,—

TRINCULO.

Thou wert but a lost monster.

---

[1] **trumpery:** things of no value.
[2] **stale:** lure.
[3] **nurture:** breeding.
[4] **cankers:** festers.
[5] **line:** linden tree.
[6] **Jack:** knave.

CALIBAN.

Good my lord, give me thy favour still.
Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hoodwink[1] this mischance: therefore speak softly;—
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

TRINCULO.

Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

STEPHANO.

There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

TRINCULO.

That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

STEPHANO.

I will fetch off[2] my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

CALIBAN.

Prithee, my king, be quiet. See'st thou here,
This is the mouth o'the cell: no noise, and enter.
Do that good mischief[3] which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For aye thy foot-licker.[4]

STEPHANO.

Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

TRINCULO.

O King Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!

CALIBAN.

Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

---

[1] **hoodwink:** hide.
[2] **fetch off:** retrieve.
[3] **good mischief:** an evil act that may have good results.
[4] **foot-licker:** slave.

TRINCULO.

O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a frippery.[1]—O King Stephano!

STEPHANO.

Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

TRINCULO.

Thy grace shall have it.

CALIBAN.

The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean
To dote thus on such luggage? [2] Let's along,
And do the murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches,
Make us strange stuff.

STEPHANO.

Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line,[3] is not this my jerkin? [4] Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

TRINCULO.

Do, do: we steal by line and level,[5] an't like your grace.

STEPHANO.

I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for't: wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level' is an excellent pass of pate;[6] there's another garment for't.

TRINCULO.

Monster, come, put some lime[7] upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

CALIBAN.

I will have none on't: we shall lose our time,
And all be turn'd to barnacles,[8] or to apes
With foreheads villainous low.

---

[1] **frippery:** a place where old clothes are sold. [2] **such luggage:** worthless weight. [3] **line:** a sailor's term for the Equator. [4] **jerkin:** short jacket. [5] **line and level:** scientifically; a pun on the word "line." [6] **pass of pate:** a witty thrust. [7] **lime:** in this case, a gluey substance used to snare birds. [8] **barnacles:** shellfish, supposed to produce the sea-bird of the same name.

STEPHANO.

Monster, lay-to your fingers: help to bear this away where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

TRINCULO.

And this.

STEPHANO.

Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers SPIRITS, *in shape of dogs and hounds, hunting them about;* PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *setting them on.*

PROSPERO.

Hey, Mountain, hey!

ARIEL.

Silver! there it goes, Silver!

PROSPERO.

Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions;[1] shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps;[2] and more pinch-spotted make them
Than pard or cat-o'-mountain.[3]

ARIEL.

Hark, they roar!

PROSPERO.

Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **grind their joints/ With dry convulsions:** fits.
[2] **aged cramps:** the cramps of old age.
[3] **pard or cat-o'-mountain:** leopard or civet.

The Tempest

ACT 5

ACT V

In front of his cell Prospero appears in his magic robes, ready for the culmination of his project. Ariel is sent to lure Alonso, Antonio, Sebastian, Gonzalo, and the other lords into the magic circle that he has made upon the ground. They enter and stand spellbound in the circle, while Prospero addresses them, speaking first to Gonzalo words of gratitude, then to Alonso words reminding him of his past sins, and to Sebastian and Antonio words that reveal his knowledge of their intended crime. Gradually the spell begins to recede from their minds and senses, but they do not recognize Prospero. He sends Ariel for the clothes he wore as Duke of Milan and he puts them on. They find it all very hard to believe, but gradually the truth begins to dawn upon them. Alonso is delighted to find his lost son, playing chess with Miranda, who is astonished to see so many "goodly creatures" about her. There are mutual recognitions and reconciliations, repentings and forgivings all round. Ariel brings in the ship's crew, who inform them that the ship is safe and ready for sea. The King and his company are invited to spend the night in Prospero's cave. Ariel, now freed from Prospero's service, is sent to calm the seas, for tomorrow Prospero and Miranda will sail with the others to Italy to celebrate his daughter's marriage and take up his old life as Duke of Milan.

ACT V. Scene I.

Before the cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO *in his magic robes, and* ARIEL.

PROSPERO.

Now does my project gather to a head:
My charms crack not;[1] my spirits obey; and Time
Goes upright with his carriage.[2] How's the day?

ARIEL.

On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

PROSPERO.

I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and's followers?

ARIEL.

Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge,
Just as you left them; all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends[3] your cell;
They cannot budge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide[4] all three distracted;
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly
Him that you term'd, sir, 'The good old lord, Gonzalo';
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections[5]
Would become tender.

---

[1] **crack not:** hold up.
[2] **Time/ Goes upright with his carriage:** everything goes as scheduled.
[3] **weather-fends:** protects from the weather.
[4] **abide:** remain.
[5] **affections:** sensibilities.

PROSPERO.

Dost thou think so, spirit?

ARIEL.

Mine would, sir, were I human.

PROSPERO.

And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance:[1] they being penitent,
The sole drift[2] of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel:
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

ARIEL.

I'll fetch them, sir. [E

PROSPERO.

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing[3] lakes, and groves;
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets[4] that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets[5] make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps,[6] that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,

[1] **the rarer action is/ In virtue than in vengeance:** it is nobler forgive than to seek vengeance. [2] **drift:** direction. [3] **standing:** ti less. [4] **demi-puppets:** little fairies. [5] **ringlets:** magic circles. [6] **mu rumps:** mushrooms.

And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory
Have I made shake; and by the spurs[1] pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,—
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,[2]
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.[3] [*Solemn music.*

Here enters ARIEL *before: then* ALONSO, *with a frantic gesture, attended by* GONZALO; SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO *in like manner, attended by* ADRIAN *and* FRANCISCO: *they all enter the circle which* PROSPERO *had made, and there stand charm'd;*[4] *which* PROSPERO *observing, speaks.*

A solemn air,[5] and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopt.
Holy Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable[6] to the show of thine,
Fall fellowly drops.[7] The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes[8] that mantle

---

[1] **spurs:** roots of trees. [2] **staff:** magic staff. [3] **book:** book of magic. [4] **charm'd:** under a magic spell. [5] **air:** strain of music. [6] **sociable:** accommodating. [7] **Fall fellowly drops:** weep sympathetic tears. [8] **ignorant fumes:** mental fog.

Their clearer reason. O good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st! I will pay thy graces
Home[1] both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou art pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and blood,
You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,—
Whose inward pinches[2] therefore are most strong,—
Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art.—Their understanding
Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them
That yet looks on me, or would know me:—Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell:—
I will discase me,[3] and myself present
As I was sometime Milan:[4]—quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *sings and helps to attire him.*

Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

---

[1] pay thy graces/ Home: repay your favors to the fullest.
[2] inward pinches: pangs of conscience.
[3] discase me: reveal his true self.
[4] sometime Milan: the former Duke of Milan.

PROSPERO.

Why, that's my dainty Ariel! I shall miss thee;
But yet thou shalt have freedom:—so, so, so.—
To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain
Being awake, enforce them to this place,[1]
And presently, I prithee.

ARIEL.

I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er[2] your pulse twice beat. [*Exit.*

GONZALO.

All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement,
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

PROSPERO.

Behold, sir king,
The wronged Duke of Milan, Prospero:
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

ALONSO.

Whe'r[3] thou be'st he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,[4]
As late I have been, I not know: thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me: this must crave[5]
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign, and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs.—But how should Prospero
Be living and be here?

---

[1] **enforce them to this place:** encourage them to come to this place.
[2] **Or o'er:** before.
[3] **Whe'r:** whether.
[4] **some enchanted trifle to abuse me:** some apparition to fool him.
[5] **crave:** call for.

PROSPERO.

First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age,[1] whose honour cannot
Be measured or confined.

GONZALO.

Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

PROSPERO.

You do yet taste
Some subtilties[2] o'the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all:—
[*aside to* SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO] But you, my brace[3] of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors:[4] at this time
I will tell no tales.

SEBASTIAN [*aside*].

The devil speaks in him.

PROSPERO.

No.—
For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,—all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which perforce,[5] I know,
Thou must restore.

ALONSO.

If thou be'st Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation;
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrack'd upon this shore; where I have lost—
How sharp the point of this remembrance is!—
My dear son Ferdinand.

PROSPERO.

I'm woe[6] for't, sir.

---

[1] **embrace thine age:** pay his respects to his age and wisdom.
[2] **subtilties:** qualities difficult to trace.
[3] **brace:** pair.
[4] **justify you traitors:** prove you traitors.
[5] **perforce:** of necessity.
[6] **woe:** distressed.

ALONSO.

Irreparable is the loss; and patience
Says it is past her cure.

PROSPERO.

I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

ALONSO.

You the like loss!

PROSPERO.

As great to me as late;[1] and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

ALONSO.

A daughter!
O heavens, that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! that they were, I wish
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

PROSPERO.

In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,[2]
That they devour their reason,[3] and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth,[4] their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled [5] from your senses, know for certain
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most strangely

---

[1] As great to me as late: as great as his own recent loss.
[2] admire: wonder.
[3] devour their reason: do away with their reason.
[4] scarce think/ Their eyes do offices of truth: they do not believe their eyes.
[5] justled: shaken.

Upon this shore, where you were wrack'd, was landed,
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation[1] for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in.
My dukedom since you have given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder, to content[2] ye
As much as me my dukedom.

Here PROSPERO *discovers* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA *playing at chess.*

MIRANDA.

Sweet lord, you play me false.

FERDINAND.

No, my dearest love,
I would not for the world.

MIRANDA.

Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,[3]
And I would call it fair play.

ALONSO.

If this prove
A vision of the island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

SEBASTIAN.

A most high miracle!

FERDINAND.

Though the seas threaten, they are merciful:
I have cursed them without cause. [*Kneels to* ALONSO

---

[1] **relation:** recounting.
[2] **content:** satisfy.
[3] **wrangle:** connive.

ALONSO.

Now all the blessings
Of a glad father compass thee about!
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

MIRANDA.

O, wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

PROSPERO.

'Tis new to thee.

ALONSO.

What is this maid with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:[1]
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,
And brought us thus together?

FERDINAND.

Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal Providence she's mine:
I chose her when I could not ask my father
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before; of whom I have
Received a second life;[2] and second father
This lady makes him to me.

ALONSO.

I am hers:[3]
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

PROSPERO.

There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrances
With a heaviness[4] that's gone.

---

[1] **Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:** you cannot have known her three hours.
[2] **Received a second life:** he faces a new life.
[3] **I am hers:** I am her father.
[4] **heaviness:** burdensome sorrow.

GONZALO.

I have inly[1] wept,
Or should have spoke ere this.—Look down, you gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown!
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way[2]
Which brought us hither.

ALONSO.

I say, Amen, Gonzalo!

GONZALO.

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue
Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
Beyond a common joy! and set it down
With gold on lasting pillars,—In one voyage
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife
Where he himself was lost; Prospero, his dukedom
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves
When no man was his own.

ALONSO [*to* FERDINAND *and* MIRANDA].

Give me your hands:
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart
That doth not wish you joy!

GONZALO.

Be it so! Amen!

Enter ARIEL, *with the* MASTER *and* BOATSWAIN *amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir! here is more of us:
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown.—Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard,[3] not an oath on shore?
Hast thou no mouth by land? [4] What is the news?

---

[1] **inly:** inwardly.
[2] **chalk'd forth the way:** marked the way.
[3] **That swear'st grace o'erboard:** he has put himself beyond the mercy of God by his blasphemy.
[4] **Hast thou no mouth by land?:** Can't you speak on land?

BOATSWAIN.

The best news is, that we have safely found
Our king and company; the next, our ship—
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split—
Is tight, and yare,[1] and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

ARIEL [*aside to* PROSPERO].

Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

PROSPERO [*aside to* ARIEL].

My tricksy[2] spirit!

ALONSO.

These are not natural events; they strengthen
From strange to stranger.[3]—Say, how came you hither?

BOATSWAIN.

If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'ld strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,
And—how we know not—all clapt under hatches;
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked; straightway, at liberty:
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship; our master
Capering to eye her: on a trice,[4] so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping[5] hither.

ARIEL [*aside to* PROSPERO].

Was't well done?

PROSPERO [*aside to* ARIEL].

Bravely, my diligence.[6] Thou shalt be free.

---

[1] **yare:** seaworthy. [2] **tricksy:** elegantly quaint. [3] **they strengthen/ From strange to stranger:** they become more and more strange. [4] **on a trice:** in an instant. [5] **moping:** bewildered. [6] **diligence:** diligent one.

ALONSO.

This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod;
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of:[1] some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

PROSPERO.

Sir, my liege,
Do not infest[2] your mind with beating[3] on
The strangeness of this business; at pick'd leisure,[4]
Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you—
Which to you shall seem probable—of every
These happen'd accidents:[5] till when, be cheerful,
And think of each thing well.—[*aside to* ARIEL] Come hither, spirit:
Set Caliban and his companions free;
Untie the spell. [*Exit* ARIEL.]—How fares my gracious sir?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads that you remember not.

Enter ARIEL, *driving in* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *in their stolen apparel.*

STEPHANO.

Every man shift for all the rest,[6] and let no man take care for himself; for all is but fortune.—Coragio,[7] bully-monster,[8] coragio!

TRINCULO.

If these be true spies[9] which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

CALIBAN.

O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed!
How fine my master is! I am afraid
He will chastise me.

---

[1] there is in this business more than nature/ Was ever conduct of: this business is not natural. [2] infest: worry. [3] beating: concentrating. [4] pick'd leisure: opportune moment. [5] accidents: incidents. [6] Every man shift for all the rest: everybody look out for the others. [7] Coragio: courage! (Italian interjection). [8] bully-monster: blustering monster. [9] spies: eyes.

SEBASTIAN.

Ha, ha!
What things are these, my lord Antonio?
Will money buy 'em?

ANTONIO.

Very like; one of them
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

PROSPERO.

Mark but the badges[1] of these men, my lords,
Then say if they be true.[2]—This mis-shapen knave,—
His mother was a witch; and one so strong
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil[3]—
For he's a bastard one—had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

CALIBAN.

I shall be pinch'd to death.

ALONSO.

Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

SEBASTIAN.

He is drunk now: where had he wine?

ALONSO.

And Trinculo is reeling ripe:[4] where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded[5] 'em?—
How camest thou in this pickle?[6]

TRINCULO.

I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

---

[1] **badges:** clothing or habits.
[2] **true:** faithful.
[3] **demi-devil:** half-human, half-devil.
[4] **reeling ripe:** rolling drunk.
[5] **gilded:** changed.
[6] **in this pickle:** in this predicament.

SEBASTIAN.

Why, how now, Stephano!

STEPHANO.

O, touch me not:—I am not Stephano, but a cramp.[1]

PROSPERO.

You'ld be king o'the isle, sirrah?

STEPHANO.

I should have been a sore one, then.

ALONSO.

This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*Pointing to* CALIBAN.

PROSPERO.

He is as disproportion'd in his manners
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim[2] it handsomely.

CALIBAN.

Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

PROSPERO.

Go to; away!

ALONSO.

Hence, and bestow your luggage[3] where you found it.

SEBASTIAN.

Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO.

---

[1] **cramp:** a big pain.
[2] **trim:** decorate.
[3] **luggage:** his effects.

PROSPERO.

Sir, I invite your highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I doubt not, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnized;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

ALONSO.

I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.[1]

PROSPERO.

I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—[*aside to* ARIEL] My Ariel,—chick,—
That is thy charge:[2] then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,—

Farewell to Stage by Shakespeare

[1] **Take the ear strangely:** make them wonder.
[2] **charge:** responsibility.

Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confined by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please: now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be relieved by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

appeal to live
accordingly to
the vision.

William Shakespeare

TO THE READER

THIS FIGURE, THAT THOU HERE SEEST PUT,
IT WAS FOR GENTLE SHAKESPEARE CUT;
WHEREIN THE GRAVER HAD A STRIFE
WITH NATURE, TO OUT-DO THE LIFE:
O, COULD HE BUT HAVE DRAWN HIS WIT
AS WELL IN BRASS, AS HE HATH HIT
HIS FACE; THE PRINT WOULD THEN SURPASS
ALL, THAT WAS EVER WRIT IN BRASS.
BUT, SINCE HE CANNOT, READER, LOOK,
NOT ON HIS PICTURE, BUT HIS BOOK.

BEN: JONSON

The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man and nature. Without denying man's need for Grace, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. It was like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge, and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

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